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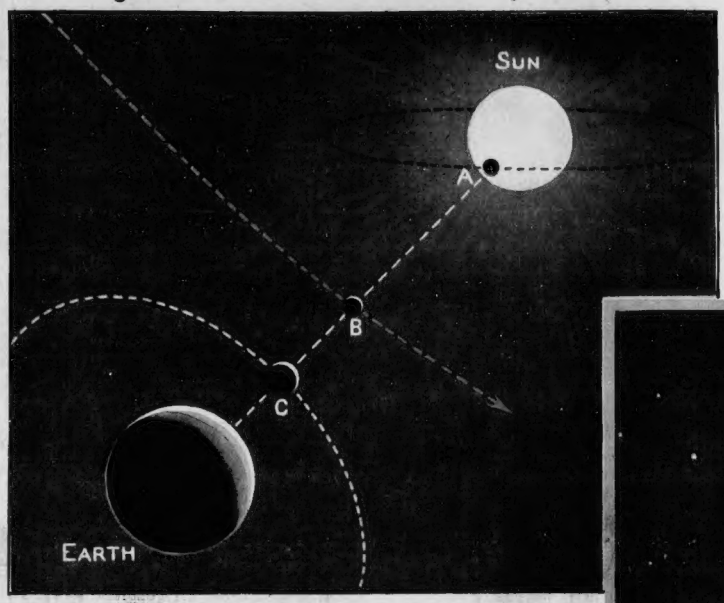
Why Astronomers Suspect the Earth Has Another Moon

A Mysterious Black Dot Occasionally Observed Passing Before the Sun Starts an Interesting Discussion, But Sufficient Facts Have Not Yet Been Assembled to Definitely Solve the Problem



Diagrammatic Representation of Three Possible Hypotheses Explaining the Passage of a Black Spot in Front of the Sun. (A) A Planet Revolving Around the Sun; (B) A Bolide Flying Upon an Unknown Pathway Through Space; (C) A Satellite or Second Moon Revolving Around the Earth. At the Moment When in Consequence of Its Movement the Supposed Heavenly Body Crosses the White Line, It Appears to Our Eyes Exactly in Front of the Sun.

By PROFESSOR LUCIEN RUDAUX,
The Distinguished Astronomer and Director of the Donville Observatory, France.

DONVILLE OBSERVATORY, France, Oct. 23.

IS there a second moon revolving around the earth? This is a question which seems very surprising at first sight, because the text books on astronomy state that there is only the one which we are accustomed to see in the sky. However, several astronomers believe in the possible existence of this second satellite, and some even in the existence of several satellites.

Without positive proof, it is difficult to settle the question either one way or the other. In any case it can be positively stated that we do not yet know all the heavenly bodies which occupy space. We are ignorant of some because they are too far away, as is the case with innumerable stars, and we are ignorant of others because they are too small and the present power of telescopes is insufficient to discover them. But in the case of some heavenly bodies, it is possible that their visibility is subordinated to exceptional circumstances, and that astronomers have not happened to see them at the opportune moment, or, if they have caught a glimpse of them, they have not been able to follow them long enough to be certain of their nature. The last possibility is suggested by several interesting observations which are summarized here.

For a long time astronomers have reported the occasional appearance of mysterious black spots passing before the sun. A recent observation of this character was made on January 15, 1929, by a well known French astronomer, M. J. Guillaume, of Lyons.

In the first place, it must be admitted that such an apparition can only arise from the interposition of a solid and movable body in space between the eye of the observer and the solar disc. It is in this way that the moon behaves when in its movement around the earth it happens to totally or partially eclipse the sun; the same thing happens when the planets Venus and Mercury, by their position and movements, pass between the earth and the sun, and are seen as dark globes before the latter. As the movements of the planets are perfectly known, we can calculate exactly the time when these phenomena will happen. Therefore, when the unexpected passing of a black spot before the sun is reported, it must be a hitherto unknown celestial body, whose appearance has not been foreseen, and which, necessarily, must occupy a position in space between the sun and the earth, which leads to the conclusion that the body cannot be very far from us.

However, these logical conclusions can only be of value if the reported phenomenon is an unquestionable fact. It happens that many doubts have been expressed concerning the authenticity of observations of this character, which have been made in large numbers since the beginning of the last century. On investigation it has been found that very often they were made by persons who happened to be accidentally examining the sun with instruments of small power or imperfect construction. It must be noted that accident plays an important part in these cases, and that such phenomena are not necessarily reported by a well equipped observatory.

It has, therefore, been reasoned that imperfectly trained observers using imperfect instruments may, in perfectly good faith, have mistaken a small solar spot for one of these mysterious black points. It has also been suggested that they may have been victims of an illusion, causing them to mistake the passage of birds flying at a great height for celestial bodies, or even that opaque bodies like seeds blown by the wind may have caused the impression. The truth is that all these suppositions are scarcely admissible, for it is difficult for an intelligent man to be misled as grossly as they suggest.

Sun spots have a very characteristic structure, are not absolutely black, and even show themselves sometimes veiled by reddish clouds when their image is thrown upon a white screen, a mode of observation usually employed. Moreover, they only move very slowly, as the globe of the sun makes its revolution in twenty-six days, which means a movement that is scarcely noticeable in the short time of momentary observation. Birds moving their wings present an appearance which cannot be mistaken, and as they must be very near the telescope in comparison with the sun, their image cannot be properly focused, and is lacking in clearness. This last remark applies still more strongly to seeds floating in the air, for they could only be visible if they are very near, and then they must show themselves as very cloudy spots. Moreover, birds and seeds move rather irregularly and with great rapidity. The appearance of these objects can have nothing comparable with that of a perfectly black and round celestial body animated by an apparent movement that is comparatively slow and quite regular.

In considering this puzzling question it has been judged wise to deal only with observations of these black spots presenting the utmost certainty and authenticity. They have been the subject of serious discussions among astronomers and of interesting calculations in connection with the three hypotheses which may explain them.

The first observation considered here is that of a small planet nearer to the sun than Mercury. Certain considerations of celestial mechanics have led astronomers to suspect the existence of this body. The celebrated mathematician, Le Verrier, became interested in this question, and endeavored to solve it by comparing observations made in 1802, 1819, 1839, 1849, 1859 and 1862, which appeared to establish the periodical visibility of the same heavenly body. His labors led him to state that this planet which was baptized prematurely by the name of Vulcan, circulated in thirty-three days upon an orbit very much inclined with regard to that of the earth; such conditions caused the possibility of seeing it pass before the sun to occur very seldom.

However, Le Verrier thought he was justified in announcing that a new passage of this body would occur on March 22, 1877. But the astronomers of the entire world upon that day examined in vain the sun with the closest attention. They saw nothing pass before it. A German astronomer, Professor Oppolzer, then calculated another orbit for the body, and announced a new passage, which, likewise, did not take place. Since then none of the investigations undertaken during total eclipses, which make possible the exploration of the immediate vicinity of the sun, have revealed the existence of the supposed planet.

Another explanation of the facts reported must, therefore, be sought. A second hypothesis, and a more plausible one, is that the mysterious body was a tiny moon, which had hitherto escaped observation because it was only visible under peculiar circumstances.

This idea was not new, and had been considered from a theoretical point of view. The existence of another moon has appeared almost certain to some scientific speculators. Jules Verne, the celebrated French scientific novelist, made this unknown satellite play an important part in his romances. In one of his works, "From the Earth to the Moon," he explains the daring attempts of two Americans and a Frenchman to project themselves to the moon in a bomb fired from a gigantic cannon. His celestial explorers could not reach their goal because they happened, unfortunately, to pass near the unknown satellite, whose attraction caused their vehicle to swerve from its path.

Jules Verne, in this case, based his work on theoretical calculations made by a French astronomer, M. Petit, who calculated that this second moon was revolving

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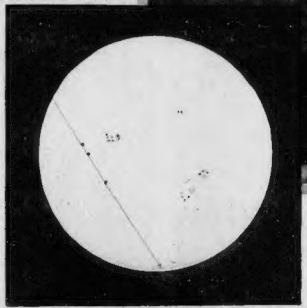
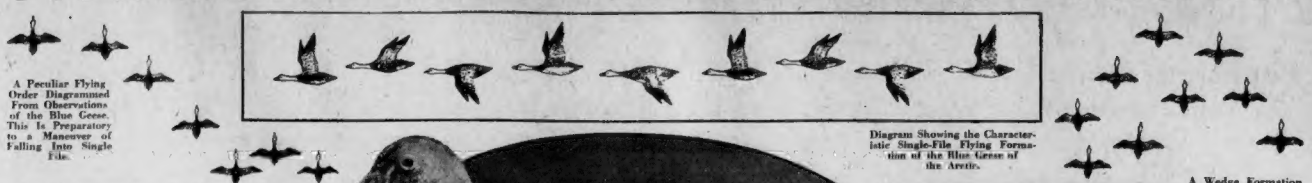


The Passage of the Mysterious Black Point Before the Sun on January 15, 1929. The Red Arrow, Passing the Three Positions Which the Point Appears to Occupy and Which Are Represented Successively, Shows the Approximate Direction of Its Pathway.

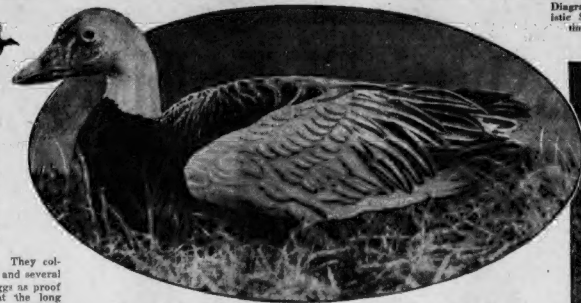
General Appearance of the Bolides, Which Are Seen at Night as Luminous Globes, When They Pass Through the Earthly Atmosphere.

14 Months In Arctic Wilderness To Find A Blue Goose Nest



A Peculiar Flying Order Diagrammed From Observations of the Blue Geese. This Is Preparatory to a Maneuver of Falling Into Single File.

Diagram Showing the Characteristic Single-File Flying Formation of the Blue Geese of the Arctic.



Photograph of a Blue Goose Taken Near Camp Kungovik by the Scientists.

A Typical Nest of the Blue Goose With a Full Complement of Eggs.

A Wedge Formation Exactly Like That Used by Military Aviators.

NOTHING in Nature is too trivial to attract the attention of Science and thus it was that the latest of many expeditions sent out into the frozen north by the Canadian Government to solve the mystery of where the blue goose breeds succeeded after fourteen long months of the same sort of danger and hardship experienced by polar explorers.

The members of this expedition, Randal Lyal Dewey Soper, knew when they started their long trek into the icy wastes of northern Canada that they were engaged literally and figuratively in a "wild goose chase." They knew that the blue goose spends the Winter in a small area on the coast of Louisiana and that in the Summer it migrates to some place far into the white waste of the arctic wilderness.

Where that place might be was a matter of conjecture and of painstaking search. About the only information the scientists had to help them was knowledge of several areas in which the blue goose did not nest.

Depending on certain vague information that a tribe of Eskimos living on the northern coast of Labrador had seen flocks of blue geese flying southward and that many young geese were in the flocks, the scientists went to the lower end of Baffin Island, a barren land about 1,200 miles north of the City of Quebec and some 550 miles north of the line where timber ceases to grow. Here, after weeks of what appeared to be fruitless search, the bird-men came upon a great stretch of sodden marsh land, hemmed in by ice and swept by chilling rains and snows, where they found the long - sought breeding ground of the blue goose. They collected a few birds and several nests filled with eggs as proof to the world that the long search was ended and then, because the arctic Winter was setting in again, they cut their observations short and headed back for civilization. Forty-eight days they battled ice and snow and finally, just when their supply of food was exhausted, arrived at a settlement on Cape Dorset, the southern tip of Baffin Island. There they took a Government steamer for home.

All this effort just to find the nesting place of a bird that few people have seen may seem a little silly to the layman, but when it is remembered that the blue goose has been an ornithological riddle for years and that Scientist Soper alone has traveled more than 30,000 miles to find its native heath, it is not difficult to understand the elation of zoologists at the successful end of the quest.

Now that the nesting place of the blue goose has been located, it is probable that a larger expedition will be sent to Baffin Island to spend perhaps a year there studying the bird and its habits in great detail and to make a complete photographic record of that remote spot in the arctic wilds.

The blue goose is still a bird of mystery because it seems to breed on a narrow strip of tundra measuring only about 800 square miles when there are some 5,500 square miles of similar ground on Baffin Island. Why the birds should confine themselves to this spot and why they behave similarly in their Winter quarters in Louisiana is a puzzle still to be solved by zoologists.

Just as mystifying is the manner in which the geese migrate from Baffin Island to Louisiana and back again. They are seldom seen in flight between these points—which are about 2,600 miles apart as the crow flies—although it is assumed that they make a leisurely migration from south to north in the Spring, taking eleven weeks to cover a distance they could easily make in a fortnight. Where their resting places are seems to be known to no one, not even alert ornithologists.

The main line of flight of the birds seems to be up and down the Mississippi Valley, although it is rare that inhabitants in this area ever catch sight of a flock of the geese. During the Spring migration the geese apparently travel from the Louisiana coast up the Mississippi Valley beyond the Junction of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers. From this point the route is obscure to James Bay in the Canadian north. A few scientists believe that the main body of migrating geese sometimes splits up near the southern end of Lake Michigan to join again at the breeding grounds on Baffin Island.

The blue goose is a large and powerful member of its species and it is supposed that it escapes observation by flying at high altitudes and makes its migratory stopovers under cover of darkness.

Curious Trees That Resemble Giraffe

MOTORISTS driving through the little town of Munsonville, New Hampshire, invariably slow down and stare when they come to a point near the community's general store. They can't believe their eyes—but there in an open field is what appears to be a full-grown giraffe.

Hundreds of tourists, with no intention of stopping in the little New England village, have parked their cars on the edge of the road and alighted to have a closer look at this rather startling and incredible spectacle. Giraffes, they know, are not native to New England and no one keeps the towering creatures for pets. The grass lands of Africa, the circus and the zoo are the only places where the tallest of the animals may reasonably be found.

Munsonville's giraffe, these curious visitors promptly discover, is not a giraffe at all, but a strange and distorted growth of two trees, just another of Mother Nature's interesting and amusing little jokes.

The hind legs of the animals are formed by the twin trunks of a single tree which meet a few feet above the ground and merge into the giraffe's sloping body. The slimmer and straighter front legs and the elongated neck are, on close examination, fashioned of another whimsical tree.

It must be admitted that Mother Nature was assisted in her illusion by a native of Munsonville who placed a ladder against the vegetable giraffe and chiseled the knob-like "head" so that it appeared to have a mouth and a pair of eyes. But the trees would have looked very much like a giraffe without this collaboration.

Residents of Munsonville get a great deal of amusement in watching the almost electric effect of their unusual giraffe tree on strangers to that section of the country and the keeper of the general store says that the freak has brought him more business than he could attract by a dozen advertising signs of the conventional type.

The oddly twisted and combined trees, although the bark has long since gone from them, are in a good state of preservation and should help put Munsonville on the map for many years to come.

HERBERT PHOTO

The Curious Trees at Munsonville, N. H., Which Have Grown Together So That They Provide a Semblance to a Giraffe.

MISS NATALIE TOWERS, featured television artist, wearing jewels worth $660,000, while having her image broadcast throughout the country from New York. Miss Towers was photographed during the television broadcast, while guarded by ten policemen, who had accompanied an armored truck to the studio to protect the gems loaned by a New York jeweler. The two bracelets are worth $150,000 each, the necklace $200,000, the rings, altogether $120,000, the ear-pendants $10,000, and the rest of the $660,000 display includes the hair ornament, dress clasps and jeweled cigarette holder.

Take Sun Bath In Father's Boots

MOTHERS whose modest homes are built on the banks of the barge canal winding through the town of Nuneaton, in central England, live in constant dread of their youngsters being drowned. Many of these homes are little better than shacks with a few square feet of yard fronting on the water's edge.

Some of the houses have fenced-in yards, but more often than not the young children are tethered to stakes driven in the ground and restricted to a small circle of activity by ropes attached to the stakes and to them.

One ingenious mother, the wife of a bargeman, hit upon an idea which many of her neighbors have adopted. Instead of letting her two small children play in their tiny backyard when she cannot be there to watch them, she tucks them into the wide-topped legs of her husband's wading boots and hangs the boots on hooks just outside her kitchen window. The flexible rubber boot-tops come well up under their arms and there are small straps which she tightens to make the boots even safer as a parking place.

Being near the manufacturing city of Birmingham, there are many days that the sky in Nuneaton is overcast with smoke from the city's belching stacks, but every fair day this imaginative mother literally hangs her family on the side of her house to take their sun bath, while she busies herself with her household duties content that they are in no danger of drowning in the canal.

Only young children take kindly to this method of being safely sunned and aired. Children able to run around much prefer to be on the ground, even though their activities are limited to a rope attached to a stake. One woman, inspired by the boots idea, hangs her youngsters out in a stout laundry bag.

The Children of a Nuneaton, England, Family Taking a Sun Bath in Their Father's "Waders."

Why Astronomers Suspect The Earth Has Another Moon

(Continued from First Page.)

around the earth at a distance of about 4,960 miles, and completing its course in 3 hours and 20 minutes. It is, of course, impossible to deny anything without evidence, but, in any case, no direct observation appears to support the existence of this particular satellite. It could not be the one which has been reported as passing several times before the sun as a black spot, because, on account of the speed of movements, its passage would occur in 17 seconds. Now all the bodies reported have appeared to be driven at a much less speed; that of January 15, 1929, observed by M. Guillaume, had a movement of such a speed that if it was really a satellite it would accomplish its circuit around the earth in about 22 days, at a distance a little less than that of the moon.

No precise statement can be furnished about the body, for M. Guillaume's observations were, unfortunately, made under very unfavorable conditions, during the few openings in a very cloudy sky, which made it impossible to follow the movement of the spot with continuity, and to make all the necessary calculations.

We are still, therefore, in the field of supposition with regard to this fascinating problem.

Whether the earth has a second small moon or several of them, the calculations, based on the facts which have been furnished, have remained without direct verification, as in the case of the supposed planet near the sun. It is true that in the case of satellites their relative closeness may complicate the possibility of observing them. As in the case of the moon, we must take into consideration that they may be moving upon an inclined orbit whose plane does not always hold the same direction. It is a rare circumstance that the moon's orbit cuts at a certain moment the line joining the earth to the sun.

The phenomenon of a second moon is also liable to pass unnoticed on account of an effect of perspective. The earthly globe is, in fact, so vast that from one point or another of its surface the moon appears to occupy a very different position in the sky; its direction with regard to the sun is so displaced that from one country it appears to eclipse our luminary, while from another country it appears to pass beside it without placing itself in the least degree in front of it. This effect would be still more marked if there were a satellite still nearer to us than the moon, and we can see that many circumstances add to the difficulty of calculating these phenomena. The passage of a body before the sun may very easily happen at the moment when all observation is prevented by the state of the sky from the small spot on our earth where perspective would permit its observation. It is even extremely probable that these circumstances have been the principal cause of the numerous discussions and doubts which have been raised. They would account for the observations which some astronomers have made, while others stated that they had seen nothing of the facts observed.

Now it may be asked in connection with this hypothetical satellite, why it should only be visible as a small dark globe at the few moments of its passage around the sun. Unless it is absolutely microscopic—and certain observations seem to indicate the contrary—we ought to see it shining in the sky at least as a moving luminous point at the time when the position would cause it to be fully lighted. It is astonishing to think that nothing like this has ever been seen either in the course of visual observation or on photographic plates, which are constantly taken, and are capable of showing an object too little lighted to impress the eye. In fact, no such indication has been encountered of its existence, which might be expected to furnish a noticeable impression on the sensitive plates.

We must, therefore, conclude that if the interesting problem of a second moon may be discussed, it is far from being settled.

A third explanation of the black spots in front of the sun may be considered. This is furnished by the celestial bodies, which are quite independent of the earth, and which are known as Bolides, and show themselves quite unexpectedly to the astronomer's eye. The origin of the Bolides is still very obscure, and our knowledge amounts to almost nothing with regard to them. It is noticed that these bodies, wandering through space in all directions, sometimes come near the earth, from which we see them as burning globes, which, as they pass through our atmosphere, often explode, and are followed by falls of meteorites. As they circulate upon the most varied pathways, it is quite reasonable to expect their unannounced appearance in front of the sun at any moment. Until evidence to the contrary is furnished, they best explain the numerous observations of mysterious black spots passing before the solar disc. These appearances are phenomena which, in most cases, cannot be referred to the presence of a single celestial body like a planet or a satellite.

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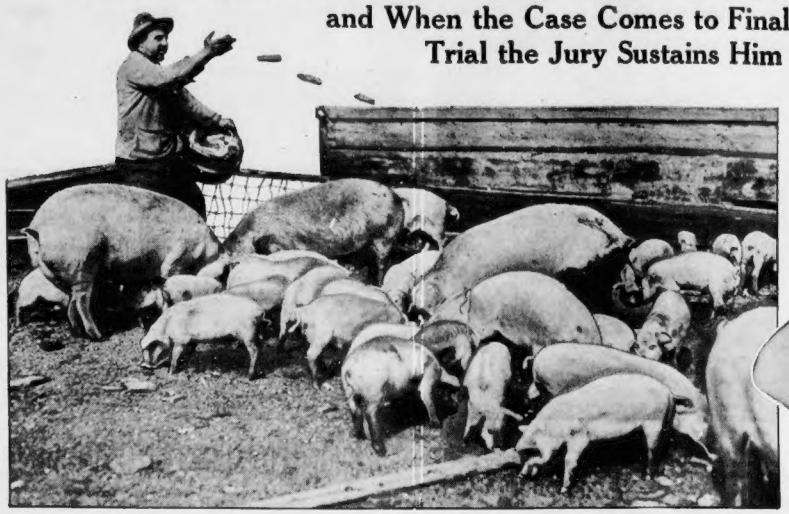
Mrs. Castle Tries to Reform a Pig-Sty

But Farmer Schroeder, Who Knows Something About Swine, Tells the Famous Dancer to Mind Her Own Business, and When the Case Comes to Final Trial the Jury Sustains Him



Farmer William Schroeder Feeding Some Ears of Corn to His Pigs on His Illinois Farm Near Chicago.

Mrs. Irene Castle Treman McLaughlin, From a Photograph at the Height of Her Fame as a Dancer.

IRENE CASTLE, famous dancer of years ago, who is said to have introduced bobbed hair, the shapeless feminine figure and other "improvements," tried to reform an Illinois pig-sty but did not succeed.

After nearly a year's battle in and out of courts, the sty remains exactly as it was with the sanction of the court, while Mrs. Castle has gotten her celebrated toes stepped on, heard herself called names in court and is threatened with a suit of $25,000 for malicious prosecution.

Last December, William Schroeder, a farmer of Cook County, Illinois, who raises, among other things, 250 pigs a year, saw a light truck stop in front of his place and what, to his practical eyes, was an astonishing vision jump nimbly down from the driver's seat. It was the thinnest woman he had ever looked upon.

"That filly ought to be turned out to pasture," he thought, but fortunately did not say it out loud.

The vision was clad in overalls—and such overalls. They were of natural-colored linen but artfully tailored to the style, unlike any that Mr. Schroeder had observed in his fifty years around the farm.

Mrs. Schroeder, stepping out of the kitchen to summon her husband to dinner, joined him in staring at the unusual visitor who bore down on them with long, rapid strides and high-heeled slippers. The two farm hands, glimpsing the spectacle from the kitchen window, deserted their meal and came out.

Without a word the thin lady strode past them toward the nearest of the five pig-barns. Mrs. Schroeder was the first to recover her voice.

"It is the Castle woman!" she said. This statement roused her husband, who shouted:

"Hey! You come back here. What do you want, anyway?"

But it was too late. Irene was already among the pigs. Mr. and Mrs. Schroeder reached the door just in time to see their uninvited caller get into difficulties. Recent rains had caused mud to collect in a depression in the floor of the pig-barn. Over this was a plank, but unfortunately it was split and one of the dancer's daintily shod feet went in up to her ankle. Schroeder laughed, which was a mistake. She regarded him severely.

"This is terrible—terrible," she exclaimed. "You can't keep pigs in mire like this. It isn't human."

Then Farmer Schroeder made another mistake. He talked back.

"They aren't supposed to be human," he chuckled. "And, besides, you are the only one that's got into the mire. The pigs are smart enough to keep out."

He pointed to them, all high and dry on their wooden flooring around the sides. Mrs. Castle gave him a look that would not have been allowed by an anti-cruelty-to-farmers society, if there were such a society, and stepped into the open air.

"Pugh! Who are those fellows?" she demanded, waving a long arm at the two farm hands.

"Hired men," answered Schroeder. The "pugh" was meant for the pigs, but the two men backed away in alarm for fear that they too were to be inspected and disapproved. However, Mrs. Castle ignored them. She was reforming pigs, not farm hands.

"I want to see the house," the lady announced, stepping into the kitchen. It was now Mrs. Schroeder's turn to become agitated.

"Please wait a moment till I tidy up a bit," she pleaded. "I wasn't expecting visitors."

But the lady in tailored overalls had her duty to perform and went through the house with its mistress protesting at her heels.

"How many children have you?" she was asked.

"Five."

"And only three bedrooms. It isn't enough," decreed Mrs. Castle. "And see that you clean up this place before I come back," she added, turning to Schroeder, who is a big man, taking a long time to get angry, and was only beginning to get a little warm under the collar. He was about to say what he thought of such an intrusion when a voice whispered in his ear.

It was a man from the Anti-Cruelty to Animals Society of Illinois, who had arrived with Mrs. Castle but hardly been noticed. Schroeder says that he urged the farmer not to mind because the man said, she always talks that way and usually goes away and forgets about it. But this time Irene did not forget.

Meanwhile, the farmer's household talked it over among themselves and with their neighbors and decided that they did not have to put up with such annoyance. Schroeder had been raising porkers for the last 30 years, has quite a reputation in two counties and wasn't taking any amateur advice from a "dancer and play actress." Mrs. Schroeder felt the same way about her children. She would gladly have had a bigger and better house, with more bedrooms, but where did Mrs. Castle imagine a farmer would raise the money for such improvements in the midst of the depression?

Farmer Schroeder and His Youngest Child. The Jury in the Superior Court Threw Out Irene's Complaint and Decided That the Pig-Pen Was All Right and Was the Home of Contented Pigs.

Irene in Overalls on the Doorstep of the "Orphans of the Storm," a Refuge for Dogs, at Deerfield, Illinois. She Is Treasurer, but Her Activities in Behalf of Mr. Schroeder's Pigs May Cost Her $25,000 If He Wins His Damage Suit Against Her.

It appears that the countryside had heard of Irene's activities. Mrs. Castle does not dance any more. After the death of her first husband, the celebrated dancer, Vernon Castle, she married a Mr. Treman and since has become Mrs. McLaughlin, but everyone still remembers her as Mrs. Castle. As the wife of a wealthy man, she has plenty of leisure and money to go around doing good and reforming people and things.

First she reformed dog life within a radius of fifty miles of her home in the fashionable millionaire colony at Lake Forest. Near there, at Deerfield, she organized the "Orphans of the Storm," a sort of canine monastery where stray mutts and pooches and those whose masters did not treat them according to Mrs. Castle's standards of canine living were boarded till she found them suitable homes. Last year the dog orphanage burned up and ninety dogs burned with it. Incendiarism was suspected, because neighbors had complained that it was a public nuisance.

As long as Mrs. Castle confined herself to reforming dogdom, there was some complaining but no open resistance among the farmers. As a member of the Anti-Cruelty Society, she had a certain amount of authority, just how much nobody knew. If she ordered a dog kept indoors at night they did it, even though some thought it made the animal less useful as a watchdog.

But when she undertook to raise the pig's standard of living it was a different matter. A farmer's dog is a pet and can be pampered, but his pig is raised for profit, not a very big profit in these days.

Mrs. Castle had seen and admired the pigs on the estates of her millionaire friends. Scrubbed and groomed every day and even their hoofs manicured, each inhabiting an immaculate stall of its own, fed on expensive patent pig food, fresh meal and vegetables and unskimmed grade A milk, they were a delight to behold. That is the way "gentlemen farmers" raise pigs and the way "dirt farmers" should too, but for just one thing. If they did, only the rich could afford pork chops. However, by tactful answers, the farmers managed to escape trouble, and yet continue raising pigs just as before.

The Schroeders had heard of Mrs. Castle's activities but their 232-acre farm was 30 miles from Deerfield and might have escaped a visitation had it not been for Mr. E. Zander, a neighbor who thought it would be a joke to "trick" the crusader onto his friend Schroeder. He therefore made a solemn complaint to her, stating that his neighbor had 250 discontented and underprivileged pigs that needed to be emancipated and uplifted. Later, in court, he took it all back, testifying that the Schroeder sties were "peachy."

Several weeks later Irene revisited the Schroeders accompanied by a policeman.

"You ought to groom these pigs and clean out their stalls every day," Schroeder said she told him. "The best farmers do."

"My kids only get a bath once a week," Schroeder replied.

Suddenly her eye fell on the platform where the farmer fed his pigs.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed.

"What are you feeding them—GARBAGE?"

That mention of garbage hurt Schroeder's pride, for reasons that came out at the trial. It was "swell swill." Deeply offended, his only answer was to tell the pig-sty reformer that she was trespassing and not to come back without a warrant. On May 29, back came Mrs. Castle, in her truck, and accompanied by a friend on horseback.

She got out of her truck and came again into the farm yard. She was met by Mrs. Schroeder, who asked her to please wait until Mr. Schroeder came up from the field he was plowing. The lady, however, brushed past her and made toward the pig barn.

Farmer Schroeder had seen that truck far down the road and had hastened to meet her at the entrance to the barn.

"Did you bring a warrant?" he asked.

"I don't need a warrant. I'm a special officer," she told him, flashing a star bearing the words, "Humane Officer for the Anti-Cruelty to Animals Society."

What happened then is disputed. Mrs. Castle says he stepped on her toes, swore and pushed her violently away. At the first trial Assistant States Attorney Jackson cried pathetically:

"Just imagine, gentlemen of the jury, this great big farmer of 300 pounds, pushing around this little woman of 150 pounds."

Before they had time to think, a ringing voice interrupted:

"I'll have you know I weigh only 110 pounds."

Schroeder denies any violence and swearing, but there may have been a little toe-stepping. The dancer, who is 38 years old and as full of pep as ever, looked to him as if she might take vigorous measures. If he resisted she would probably fall down, he thought, and that would be assault. The best way to cure a dog of the habit of putting his paws on people is to gently tread on his hind toes. Schroeder may have remembered this—any way it worked.

Mrs. Castle went away in no amiable frame of mind to swear out three complaints, for cruelty to animals, disorderly conduct and maintaining a nuisance. Arrested, Schroeder had to put up $1,500 bail and retained Attorney H. C. Miller. The disorderly conduct charge came up on June 12 in the police court at Morton Grove. This was when the prosecution misstated Mrs. Castle's weight. The jury found him not guilty.

The cruelty and nuisance charges had to be postponed day after day for a month because Mrs. Castle was too busy attending the horse show or some big social event. Finally she found time and testified that she had seen the Schroeder pigs eating garbage unfit even for hogs to eat. Indignantly Schroeder arose to defend that garbage.

"My garbage is the choicest in Evanston," he began dramatically. "I get it fresh every day from its high class hotels, restaurants and cafes. I pick it up by truck on my regular route. Pigs are lucky to get a chance at Evanston's garbage."

Attorney Miller proceeded to elaborate on Evanston garbage by describing pate de foie gras, the breasts of chicken, the young squabs, the caviar canapes, French pastries, rich cakes, and luscious vegetables. Schroeder's attorney, cross-examining Mrs. Castle, asked the militant friend of animals:

"Didn't you visit Schroeder's pig-sty wearing a yellow lace beach costume and yellow knit slippers?"

"I wouldn't wear a costume like that to a dog-fight," answered Mrs. Castle, hastily adding, "not that I approve of dog-fights."

Mrs. Castle declared it was distinctly an fait to wear natural linen overalls—as she was—when calling on pigs.

But the jury said "Guilty" and the judge "Ten dollars and costs." The other farmers insisted that Schroeder must appeal. If this pig reform went on they would all be ruined. So the embattled farmer went before a higher court and was vindicated. His are contented pigs, the Cook County standard of hog living is plenty high enough and everyone was delighted but Schroeder, who has paid $800 lawyer's fees and lost a considerable part of a year's work. Therefore he is considering a suit for $25,000 damages for malicious prosecution, and meanwhile "pigs is pigs," just as they were before the sty-reform movement started.

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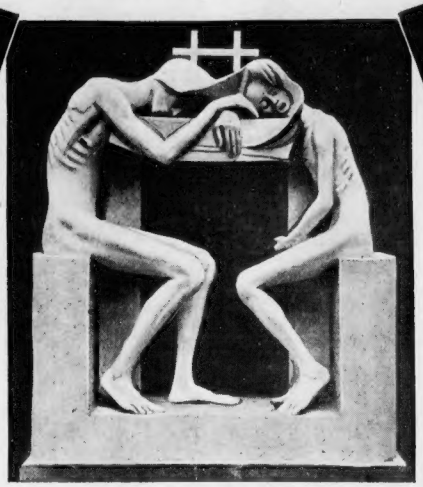
"Masterpieces" of Sculpture

"Reclining Figure," by John Skeaping.



"The Chamber of Sleep," a Bronze by Adolfo Wildt.

"Reclining Woman," by Henry Moore.

LONDON, Oct. 23.

THE art critics and British art journals continue to hold up to admiration the grotesque workmanship of sculptors like Epstein and others, whose coarse and brutal figures have caused so much public discussion.

Thus the "Reclining Woman," by Henry Moore, is presented with adoring tributes. A photograph of this piece of stone ugliness reveals an arm, a wrist and fist which the toughest prize-fighter would envy, and coarse, flat knees and absurd legs and ankles which would be regarded as an anatomical monstrosity in a medical museum. Above the shapeless throat is a head out of proportion to the size of the body, low forehead and eyes, nose and mouth chiseled with machine-like regularity.

Even the critics who pretend to admire this sort of grotesque distortion of the human figure find difficulty in explaining what there is to admire about it. One writer, admitting that the word "beautiful" no longer applies to these specimens of modern sculpture, says:

"To the modern artist it has lost its meaning and has taken on no new precise meaning to replace the old one. 'Beautiful,' in fact, is a word which, applied to sculpture, has, at the moment, no precise significance at all."

Another critic, enraptured with this sort of art, feels that these artists are on their way to even greater masterpieces in the "creation of objects imbued with rhythmic relations which symbolize rhythmic relations divined or discovered by the artists in the organic world"—if anybody can understand what the critic is trying to say. And he then concludes his rhapsody by saying:

"I personally feel confident that we are about to witness the creation of sculptural masterpieces of this kind; and one of the artists who, I believe, may produce them is Henry Moore.

"Perhaps Moore has already produced such masterpieces, though we do not yet recognize them as such. We are all always far behind the artists of our own day. It takes some forty years, as a rule, before we begin to demand an original artist's work."

Another charming lady, by another modernist sculptor, is shown in Mr. John Skeaping's carving in stone which is called a "Reclining Figure."

It is difficult to say whether Moore or Skeaping has succeeded in achieving a more disagreeable, repulsive feminine figure.

Another curious bit of statuary is "The Chamber of Sleep," a bronze by Adolfo Wildt. Wildt at least produces figures which are recognizable human beings, but so emaciated and distressing to behold that there is little of entrancing beauty which would encourage the visitor to a gallery to linger long in admiration of it.

Sculptors of what may be called, for want of a better name, the "classical school" find little virtue in statues which do not presume to recreate the lines of the human figure. The more orthodox members of this school believe, with the master sculptors of ancient Greece, that art should hold the mirror up to nature. In other words, painters and carvers of stone should create works which closely resemble the living originals. Some of the more outspoken critics of such "atrocities" as Moore's "Reclining Woman" refer to Moore and his colleagues as disciples of the "lumpistic school."

Telling Fortunes With the X-Ray

SCIENTISTS have found a new and interesting way of reading the past, present and future of human beings —by taking shadowy pictures of their bones with an X-ray camera.

Many such fortune-telling pictures recently were exhibited at a gathering of scientists in Cleveland, Ohio, and the unusual method of predicting a person's fate was fully explained.

The development of the bones in a person's skeleton, it seems, has an important effect on his bodily and mental health, on his ability to work and play and on his chances of being successful and happy. X-ray photographs reveal the exact position of every bone, its stage of growth and its health, or lack of health.

Certain glands, especially the thyroid gland, secrete substances essential to normal bone growth. If these glands do not function properly the bones are starved, in a sense, and they do not grow as they should. This usually causes bodily defects and less than normal health.

The X-ray photographs of the skeleton tell a scientist all about a person's bones. And bones, to him, are even more dependable keys to the state of a person's mind and body than the lines of the palm are to seers who presume to read human fate in the hand. Deficient bones mean subnormal glands and impaired health, and, more often than not, health determines the good luck or bad luck a person experiences in life.

Wild Pigs Winning Favor as Domestic Pets

IN the mind of the average person, the pig—wild, or domesticated—is a dirty, unintelligent animal which prefers a diet of unsavory garbage and a sloppy mire to walk in.

These opinions, it seems, are not in keeping with the facts, and if pigs had any rights in the courts of justice, some of them could collect damages on the grounds of libel.

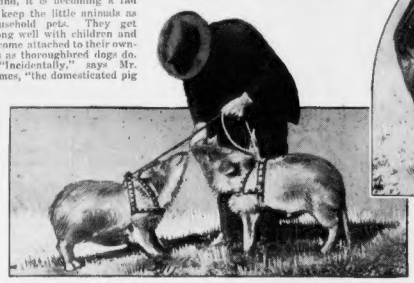
Perhaps the outstanding champion of the pig in America is L. C. James of Tucson, Arizona, who keeps a pair of Mexican wild pigs as pets. Wherever Mr. James goes he takes one, or both, of his "porkers" with him.

They ride in his automobile with him, follow him about crowded city streets like well-trained dogs, and wander about the rooms of his house without uprooting chairs or tables. They understand what he says to them and obey his commands.

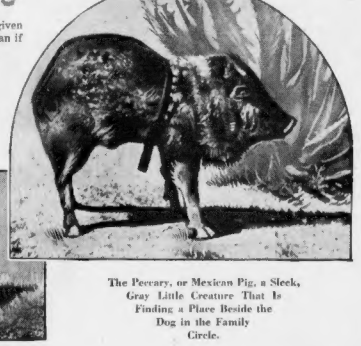
"Wild pigs," says Mr. James, "make ideal pets. They are intelligent and affectionate. And, despite the prevailing ideas about pigs, they are naturally clean. It might be something of a job to domesticate a full-grown wild pig, but it is little trouble to train one if you get him young."

The Mexican wild pig is also known as the peccary, and in the Mexican border states, where the animals are found, it is becoming a fad to keep the little animals as household pets. They get along well with children and become attached to their owners as thoroughbred dogs do.

"Incidentally," says Mr. James, "the domesticated pig is much brighter than he is given credit for being, and keeps clean if he is given half a chance."



Mr. L. C. James, of Tucson, Arizona, With a Pair of Domesticated Peccaries.



The Peccary, or Mexican Pig, a Sleek, Gray Little Creature That Is Finding a Place Beside the Dog in the Family Circle.

Novel Wheelchair for Dog With Broken Back

"MOON," a prize-winning Boston terrier owned by Mrs. E. D. Vosbury, of Merrifield, Virginia, is one of the most unfortunate and one of the luckiest dogs in America. The pet is unfortunate because she has a broken back, suffered when a heavy beam fell on her, and because she never will recover from this painful injury. She is lucky because a wheelchair built especially for her makes it possible for her to spend several hours every day out-of-doors and on her feet.

Before the big beam fell across "Moon's" back, shattering three vertebrae, she made something of a name for herself capturing blue ribbons at dog shows. For several days after the accident it did not seem that the blue-blooded pet would live, but the services of a skilful veterinary saved her.

"Moon" seemed doomed to spend the rest of her life in a padded bed, but through the efforts of her doctor several devices which he hoped would make it possible for her to get around were experimented with until the ingenious and efficient wheelchair shown in the photograph below was evolved.

The "chair" is really a light metal ring equipped with four rubber-tired wheels. Attached to the ring is a loop of metal tubing from which is suspended a canvas harness which is fastened securely about the dog's body. This harness is attached to the framework in such a way that "Moon's" back is held in a slightly arched position. It is impossible for the animal to make any motion that will change the position of the broken vertebrae.

At first, the terrier was afraid to try her unique wheelchair, but after a few days of practice she learned that she could walk around without those dreadful pains in her back and she seemed to enjoy taking her exercise strapped in the device.

"Moon" probably never will take part in another dog show, or have the pleasure of chasing the neighborhood cats, but she will not be a prisoner, or a shut-in. Already she has learned how to operate her steel chair with considerable skill and her mistress sometimes has to warn her not to get too actively ambitious.

The dog is, of course, never permitted to go out alone because she cannot manage steps or curbs, and one bad spill might prove fatal. But she has learned to walk remarkably well and can cover ground as fast as a person can walk when her wheelchair is on a level sidewalk.

Once "Moon" is securely strapped in the vehicle which makes it possible for her to get around in spite of a broken back, she is comfortable and confident, but getting her into and out of the chair is a job which has to be done carefully.

"Moon," the Boston Terrier With a Broken Back, Enjoying One of Her Daily Walks in the Wheelchair Made Especially For Her.

Prize-Winning Costume Made of Bandanas

FOR the first time since the World War the fashionable set of Vienna made the recently staged National Fancy Dress Ball the gay and glamorous event it used to be when Hungary was a monarchy. The brilliantly illuminated ballroom floor was crowded with masked figures dressed in the fine raiment of royalty and nobility. Maharajahs danced with medieval queens, resplendent huzzars chatted with seductive nautch girls. Mandarins hobnobbed with Moscovite empresses.

The judges, charged with awarding the prize for the best costume, cast their expert eyes on all this finery and, from the colorful parade of merrymakers, called a girl wearing perhaps the least spectacular costume in the room. She was dressed as a peasant and her dress was made entirely of common bandana handkerchiefs of the kind that male residents of rural America still carry in their trouser pockets.

"You win," said the spokesman of the committee of judges. "Will you do us the honor of removing your mask?"

Off came the peasant girl's mask and, to the great surprise of the judges, and everyone else present, Countess Viki Behliss, a leader of Vienna's fashionable set and a noblewoman wealthy in her own right, smiled her pleasure at capturing the much coveted prize.

The Countess, in a pretty speech of acknowledgement, explained that she had planned to attend the ball in an old court costume which had been in her family for generations—a creation of satin, lace and jewels worth more than a thousand dollars. One day, when she was driving through the outskirts of Vienna, she saw a pretty peasant girl, her face framed in the traditional colored handkerchief and a larger bandana over her rough skirt as an apron.

"That simple country girl gave me an inspiration," said the Countess. "I decided to pattern my ball costume after her dress believing that such an outfit would stand out, by its modest simplicity, among so much intricate and elaborate finery. It seems that my inspiration was a success."

The judges, in their usual gesture of consolation to the other contestants, explained that they had seemingly gone extremely democratic in their judgment, but that actually they had made their award within the traditional rules of the annual affair—in short they had picked the costume which seemed to them to best combine charm and originality.

The Countess admitted that her dressmaker deserved the credit for whatever charm there was in her simple outfit and that she had so cut and sewed the bandanas that they fitted as perfectly as an evening gown made in the salon of a Parisian cotourier.

The wide publicity given the Countess and her handkerchief costume is starting something of a vogue for bandana dresses in Vienna and it is rumored that Paris may take up the idea and attempt to make its version of the bandana dress popular, not only in Europe, but in this country as well.

Countess Viki Behliss, Pretty Leader of the Vienna Fashionable Set, in Her Prize-Winning Peasant Costume, Made Entirely of Common Bandana Handkerchiefs.

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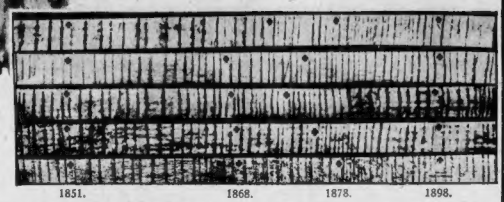
Science Finds Everything Goes Up and Goes Down Once Every 10 Years

Birds, Beasts, Fishes, Insects and Even Trees and Plants Have Regular Cycles of Abundance and Hardship, Similar to Man's Prosperity and Panics; and Perhaps the Sunspots Are to Blame for It All

The Result of Three Days' Trapping in a Year of Abundant Animals.



Shavings From Five Pine Trees Showing the Irregular Cycle of Wide and Thin Growth Rings. Wide Rings Mean Years of Fast Growth.

ABOUT every ten years some sort of vital impulse seems to spread through the entire world, affecting every living creature, from microbe to man.

Science finds that birds, beasts, fishes, insects and even plants and trees are subject to periods of growing prosperity that become booms, ending in crashes and followed by depressions, succeeding each other in regular cycles, dependent on some vital impulse, more or less as the tides depend on the moon. These cycles, in different living things, occupy from 9 to 11 years, but average about ten.

As everyone knows to his sorrow just now, the world is in a business depression—at the bottom of one of those economic cycles which seem to follow each other almost as regularly as the ebb and flow of the tides. Economists the world over are striving to find a way not only to pull the human race out of the depression but to flatten out these cycles and keep us on a level course of prosperity without the heights and depths, the booms and crashes.

The first step in curing an evil is to find its cause, and everyone had supposed that these periodic bad times, preceded by stock market panics, were the result of man's blundering. There didn't seem to be anyone else to blame and it was supposed that if all the countries of the world would agree on some plan for limiting production to just as much food, raw materials and manufactured goods as were needed there would be no more unemployment, labor shortage, gluts or famines.

But, as usual when Science really studies a problem, it turns out more complicated than it looked. These good and bad time cycles have been going on regularly since long before man appeared, and they keep right on occurring in parts of the world where man has no control of the situation, such as the depths of the ocean.

The question is whether man can manage to balance himself on a level plane while all the rest of the world is bobbing up and down. It may be that he can never stop these waves from hitting him nor control them any more than he does the tides or weather and that the best he can do is to predict them and prevent them from surprising him and knocking him flat, as they do at present. Being dependent for his life on the animal and vegetable kingdoms, it is doubtful if man can ever be very prosperous while the plant and animal inhabitants are in trouble.

Anyone can see that when something happens to the fur-bearing animals of the North, the Canadian trappers and hunters are bound to have hard times, and when whales and fish have become scarce, fishermen suffer and anyone who eats fish may feel it. But who would suppose that the whole world, including man, would be upset by booms and crashes in the lives of some of the rat family, such as the northern field mouse and the little rat-like lemming?

Man has no use for either of these little creatures, who mean to keep away from him, too, and yet when they have their ups and downs they upset the rhythm of Nature and affect human history.

A few weeks ago, at a remote trading post in Canada, a group of scientific men from all over the world gathered for a conference on these remarkable animal cycles. About every ten years, they decided, the numbers, activity and general success of many animals wax and wane. Dr. Aldo Leopold of the University of Wisconsin, told the conference of the nine or ten-year cycle in abundance of grouse and of rabbits in Wisconsin. A similar cycle, although not a perfectly regular one, was described by Dr. Charles Elton of Oxford University, England, in the numbers of Canadian rabbits. The year 1906 was a "rabbit year," as were 1917 and 1924—one interval of eleven years and another of seven.

The profits of the Hudson Bay Company rise and fall in a cycle which averages 9.7 years, corresponding to the ebb and flow in the numbers of the various fur-bearing animals which trappers catch in Canada and sell to that company's stores.

Professor William Rowan of the University of Alberta reported that in Western Canada the numbers of rabbits, lynx and many birds and other animals rise and fall in about the same ten-year cycle. Rabbits in Europe suffer ten-year waves of a notorious disease called coccidiosis, it was reported by Dr. Aurel Comsis of Hungary.

A ten-year cycle of tree growth, marked by thicker or thinner annual rings, was reported by Professor Elsworth Huntington of Yale, and a similar eleven-year cycle by Professor Hans Mayer-Wegelin of Hanover, Germany. Another German savant, Professor Hermann Eidmann, finds an eleven-year cycle of numbers of insects that damage the forest trees, and believes that perhaps the ups and downs of tree growth are due merely to the downs and ups of the insects.

Finally, Professor A. G. Huntsman of the University of Toronto has examined the records of catches of salmon and of profits made year by year by fishermen and fish canners. He finds the same cycle of a little less than ten years which is evident among the other creatures. Even the fish in the sea feel somehow or other, it seems, the influence of this great pulse of good times and bad that beats unceasingly among the earth's animal inhabitants. The scientists themselves seem to have been surprised by the multitude and variety of the evidence indicating that something of this kind is going on.

Professor Huntington, in reporting the conference, suggested that a mysterious wave of vitality of some kind sweeps over the world about every ten years. Plants and animals grow faster and increase in numbers. After a few years the wave ebbs, the species return to their former numbers. In North America the mysterious "up" wave seems to begin in the far northwest of the continent, on the border line of Canada and Alaska. From there the wave sweeps slowly to the southwest, reaching Eastern Canada and New England in about three years after the start.

Now science is confronted by the important task of finding an explanation for these remarkable facts, because these mysterious ups and downs of the plant and animal population have far greater importance for mankind than the mere numbers of furs caught in the Arctic or the profits made by Canadian trappers. That human affairs show similar ups and downs is unquestionable, although these human cycles are perhaps not precisely at the same times or in the same periods as the ebbs and flows of plants or animals.

Until quite recently plagues and pestilences used to start from China and India and pass around the world, devastating its human population as they do now among rats, mice, rabbits and probably most other animals. The most dreadful of the plagues have been stopped at their sources, but there are still others that remain, such as influenza and infantile paralysis, that come from nobody knows where, ebbing and flowing for unknown reasons.

If the world were a perfectly smooth sphere, the tides would flow over it with exact regularity, the winds would be constant and weather could be predicted years in advance with astronomical accuracy. But the irregularities of the surface throw the forces of nature into so many eddies that the result is beyond exact computation. In some such way the vital impulse wave is twisted and confused. For instance, mice have a cycle of close to four years, thus getting in two cycles within the normal one of about ten years.

Dr. A. O. Gross, of Bowdoin Colleges, reported that in Eastern Canada the numbers of mice increase and decrease every four years, with the secondary result of causing an invasion of New England by the Arctic snow owl at these same four-year intervals. When there are plenty of mice in the fields to the north, the owls find ample food there and stay at home. Two years later, when the numbers of mice are at the down point of their cycle, the owls almost starve and great numbers of them fly southward, even to New England and New York. Ultimately this does the owls no good, for most of them starve just the same in their new locations and even the ones that survive cannot breed so far south and finally perish. So the owls have their ups and downs, too, in addition to the field mice.

In the Norse countries the lemming exhibits behavior similar to the Canadian mice, but once in many cycles, for some reason, he has an extraordinary boom and a proportionately terrific crash. The starving little animals form moving armies, laying waste vegetation as they go, crossing rivers, marching through towns and even houses in their way, finally swimming out to sea till the last one drowns or is eaten by fish or bird. These periodic outbursts of lemmings eating the Norsemen out of house and home, are believed to have been the first cause that sent the Vikings plundering the coasts of all Europe.

Similar causes may have set the hordes of Asia into those irruptions into Europe, such as that of Genghis Khan or Attila the Hun. Back of the suicidal drives of the medieval crusades may have been a mouse, a rat or an insect, or that wave of vitality may have caught man himself then and in 1914 and in many other fatal crises.

Prosperity for mice means prosperity for some other creatures, but not all. Professor Elton says that 1905 was a "mouse year" in Eastern Canada. This caused the owl to multiply and also was a blessing to the Arctic grouse or ptarmigan. Ordinarily these birds are eaten in great numbers by foxes, wolverenes and other animals. But in mouse years the carnivora find it less bother to make a meal on the rodents and let the birds go.

At the same time, however, the mice ate so much of the grass that the grazing lands were spoiled, causing herds of caribou to desert Labrador. The Labrador Indians were thus deprived of their usual source of meat and supply of skins for the next Winter's clothes. Besides this, the mice devoured all the young shoots of the crowberry on which the natives depend for their main source of vitamin-rich food. The result was a skin disease called kalsk and with this and their last year's worn-out clothes they were a sad and mangy looking lot that next Winter, all on account of too much prosperity among the field mice.

The cause of these vital impulses that shoot out about once every ten years remains to be found, though it may be connected with the eleven-year sun-spot cycle. The sun-spot cycle of eleven years already has been traced in a vast number of earthly weather conditions, like the periodic rise and fall of the undrained lakes in Central Africa or the variations in the annual quantity of the flood of the Nile. It is probable that ancient Egyptian priests observed these periodic ups and downs of the Nile flood and used this cycle to predict times of good harvests or bad, for the annual flood of the Nile is the thing that means prosperity or hard times for Egyptian farmers. The Bible story of how Joseph predicted an up and down cycle of seven good years and seven lean ones for Egypt probably is an account of how this knowledge of rainfall and flood cycles was used.

The sun-spot cycle has been traced, too, in the variations of the amount of ice in the Arctic Ocean from year to year, in what might be called the ups and downs of icebergs. M. H. Memery of Lorraine has found that the sun-spot cycle affects both the quality and the quantity of French wines from year to year, a very important factor in the ups and downs of the wine growers.

A French physician, Dr. Maurice Faure, has collected data tending to prove that the sun-spot cycle is reflected in the number of sudden deaths of human beings from year to year and in the occurrence of relapses or other accidents to people who are suffering from chronic disease. Dr. Faure believes the relation is due to some electric effect of the sun-spots on the earth's air.

These human effects are not entirely certain, but there can be no doubt at all, as has been proved, among others, by Professor C. C. Wylie of the University of Iowa, that the eleven-year ups and downs of the sun-spots are paralleled by variations in the American corn crop and probably in other crops as well.

An Arctic White Owl Caught on Martha's Vineyard, to Where It Had Migrated Owing to the Scarcity of Northern Mice, Which Occurs Every Four Years.

Two of the Mysterious "Spots" on the Sun Which Are Believed to Exert a Tremendous Influence on the Earth. The Size of the Sun Spots Is Shown by the Drawings to Scale of the Earth at the Side.

The Periodical Migrations of Lemmings From Their Norseland Homes Led Our Ancestors to Believe They Dropped From the Skies and Sprang Up From the Earth, as This Old Woodcut Pictures.

Joseph Interpreting Pharaoh's Dream of the Lean and Fat Cattle and Ears of Wheat. Joseph's Knowledge of the Regular Variations in the Flood of the Nile Enabled Him to Predict Seven Prosperous Years, Followed by Seven Lean Years.

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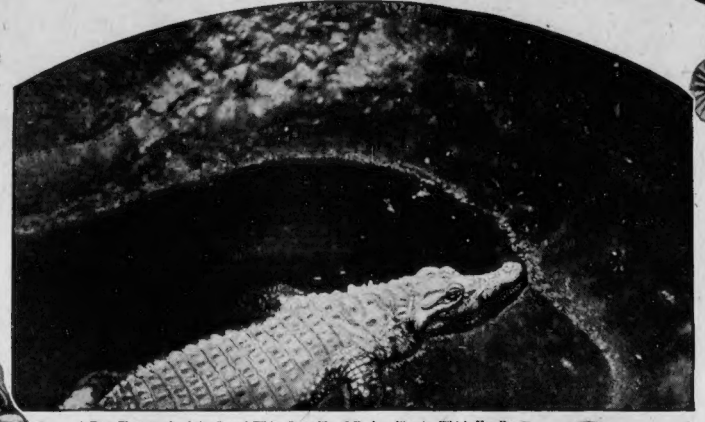
Strange Discoveries Among the African Snake-Worshipers

Sacred Pythons Kept in Temples and Attended by the Best Looking Girls as Priestesses; Ancestors Who "Return" to Their Villages as Serpents; Women Who Marry "Divine Snakes," Dance Three Days Without Stopping—and Other Weird Rites

The Serpent of Brass Which Moses Set Up in the Wilderness to Cure the Israelites, Who Were Suffering From a Plague of Snake-Bites, Is Believed by Biblical Scholars to Have Been a Rite of Snake-Worship, Brought From Egypt.

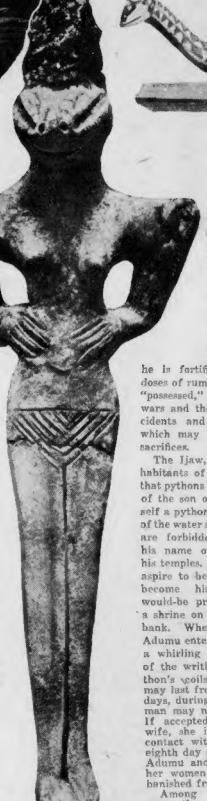


A Rare Photograph of the Sacred White Crocodile of Ibadan, Nigeria, Which Has Been Kept in This Pool for Two Centuries, Worshiped by the Natives and to Which Hundreds of Human Sacrifices Were Made Until the British Stopped It.

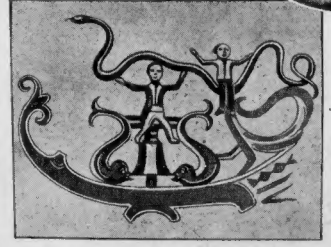
Carved Wooden Serpent From the Cameroon, Where Snakes Are Worshiped.

—To the Right—
Native of the French Sudan Holding Sacred Snakes.
(From a Drawing by D'Ollone in "Serpent Worship in Africa," by Courtesy of Field Museum.)

Medicine Man of the Cameroon in His Snake-Worship Costume of Beaded Serpent Skins.



Statue of a Snake-Headed Goddess Dug Up in "Ur of the Chaldees"—Probably 5,000 Years Old, and Proof That This Ancient People Also Worshiped Snakes.



Prow of Canoe Decorated With a Snake in Honor of the Tribal God.
(Photos by Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago.)

STRANGE discoveries among tribes of African snake worshipers have been made by Professor Wilfred D. Hambly, assistant curator of African ethnology at the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago, and the results of his study have just been published by the Museum in a book called "Serpent Worship in Africa."

In some villages Professor Hambly found enormous pythons which were sacred, were kept in temples, and the best looking girls of the tribe were picked out as "priestesses" to attend to their wants. And still other girls are married with weird ceremonies to sacred serpents, dance continuously from three to five days and nights to show that their reptilian husband has accepted them, and must thereafter avoid all contact with men. Other tribes welcome certain snakes to their huts and care for them tenderly, because they believe that they contain "spirits" of ancestors who return to them in this way.

In some parts of Africa where big snakes are scarce, the crocodile is worshiped instead. There is a big white crocodile at Ibadan, in Nigeria, which has been kept in a pool for two centuries, and nobody knows how many unfortunate women and children have been crunched between its teeth. When the English took over Nigeria, they stopped human sacrifice to this beast, but it is certain a child is now and then slipped to it when the authorities are too busy to notice.

The most commonly worshiped serpent is the python. In Dahomey, on the West Coast, the python is the principal god, invoked in excessively wet, dry or barren seasons. Even the king sends presents to the python temple, which is presided over by human priests and priestesses. Live pythons are kept in the temple and are allowed to wander at night. When one strays too far, it is reverently brought back. Before picking it up, a native rubs his right hand on the ground and dusts his forehead as if groveling before a king.

There is a superstition that in former times the sacred snake appeared to the most beautiful girls in order to induce madness. Such girls had then to enter the service of the snake temple. The roguish priests are said to have persuaded the prettiest girls to feign frenzy so that they might be sent to the snake house.

The man who killed a python, even accidentally, was formerly condemned to death by burning. He was shut up in a hut which was set afire. If he broke from the blazing house he was clubbed to death. But nowadays he is let off with a stiff fine, which goes to the priesthood.

When a child is touched by a python, the parents have to consent to its adoption into the python priesthood and to pay for its training. There are many python priests and they have even more "snake wives," women concubines of the priests.

There are some of the people of the Slave Coast who do not worship the python itself, but "Danh-ghi," the deity of the python. "Danh-ghi" is the god of wisdom, earthly bliss and benefaction. The first man and woman were born blind, but he opened their eyes. White ants are the messengers of the python. Whenever a native sees a python near a nest of white ants, he places round the reptile a protecting circle of palm leaves.

If the priest retrieves a python wandering from the temple, he first purifies himself by rubbing certain green leaves violently between his hands. Then prostrating himself before the reptile, he carries it gently home. A native who meets a python says, "You are my father and my mother." The native then cries to the god, "My head belongs to you, be propitious to me." The punishment for a native who kills a python accidentally is burial alive.

Python worship is also common in Nigeria, on the West Coast. The creature is known as Ogidia, and represents the tribal war god of the people. At times the python god takes possession of the snake priest, who then speaks in a different dialect. The priest invites possession by lying foodless for seven days in the mud of the river. But he is fortified by liberal doses of rum. When finally "possessed," he prophesies wars and their results, accidents and other events which may be avoided by sacrifices.

The Ijaw, the oldest inhabitants of Nigeria, think that pythons hold the spirits of the son of Adumu, himself a python, and the chief of the water spirits. Women are forbidden to mention his name or to approach his temples. But they may aspire to be his wife. To become his bride, the would-be priestess sets up a shrine on a certain river bank. When the spirit of Adumu enters her, she does a whirling dance symbolic of the writhing of the python's coils. This dance may last from three to five days, during which the woman may not drink water. If accepted as the god's wife, she is forbidden all contact with men. Every eighth day she is visited by Adumu and that day even her women attendants are banished from the shrine.

Among the Ibo tribe, near the mouth of the river Niger, the python, especially the smaller species, are held sacred. These reptiles are referred to as "our mother" and to kill one is a grave offense. If a man has the misfortune to kill one, he will mourn for a year, and will abstain from shaving his head.

The region of Lake Victoria Nyanza in East Central Africa is another center of python worship. In Budu, South Uganda, sacred cows are kept to provide milk for the pythons in the temple. The priestess feeds the milk to the serpents from a wooden bowl. Sacred groves are also maintained for the pythons to use.

In the Congo country, a red-marked snake called mwaladi is held in great awe. If a woman dreams of mwaladi, she is going to have a baby. Boys born after this dream omen are called Etoko, girls Lombo. They are supposed to possess the nature of snakes, and are regarded as reincarnations of water spirits. To such children many presents are made, because they are credited with the power of bringing good or bad fortune. Snakes are not harmed in a house where these children live. Etoko and Lombo are not allowed to kill snakes lest they murder their own relatives.

A woman of Oban was accused of sending her snake "spirit" to keep open a sore on her husband's leg. She admitted she had a snake "spirit," and in her country snakes were possessed by women. But she added: "I left my snake in the bush of my land when I was brought from home. When I sleep and dream, I sometimes see my snake, but not very often. In the daytime I have not seen it since I was brought here many years ago."

Yoruba and Popo people believe that good men after death spend their time between reincarnations in different animals, their spirits materializing into animals at will. The medicine man is said to be able to kill an enemy by taking the shape of a snake. The transformation is accomplished by smearing over the body a concoction made from soaking roots in a pot.

Very bad men take the shape of serpents so they can do evil to others. Bad men who have assumed snake form live under water, from which they emerge twice a year to seek victims. In the planting season and at the yam harvest, they come out and upset canoes. It is not permissible to recover a canoe which has been overturned by one of these snake-men. The superstitious natives yearly lose thousands of dollars in canoes, which are left to drift down the rivers.

"Ogugur" is held by the Ikwerri to be one of the most important of female spirits, whose home is in a tree. If anyone has broken a promise or failed to keep a vow, Oguge sends a snake to remind him. Big snakes may be sent to lie across the threshold of the house, to enter the bed at night, or to coil up by the head of the sleeper. The snake messenger will not leave until the promise is fulfilled.

Many African tribes have adopted snakes as totem animals. Offerings of milk and eggs are regularly made to them. At certain seasons, goats and even bulls are sacrificed to the totem snake. The blood is given to the snakes, the meat eaten by the people. A priestly king or priestess performs a weird dance with the skin of the sacrificed animals.

The Zulu of South Africa have sacred snakes which they believe contain the spirits of their ancestors. Visits of these snakes to the village are welcomed. If a stranger starts to drive off one of these reptilian visitors, the people say, "Hold! Do you not know that this is our ancestor?" When the snake arrives, there is great joy. The people say, "Our ancestor has come to visit us." Sometimes an ox is killed in its honor, and the snake is carefully watched. If it moves, the people say, "It is so-and-so, who used to walk very fast." Identification is made easy by the fact that only the chief ancestor would return.

Belief in a "rainbow snake" is common throughout Africa. It is the guardian of water, woods, ruins and grain. It is generally seen after a rainstorm and always in or near water. As the name implies, it is many-colored. The natives believe the "rainbow snake" contains the spirit of some superhuman being. Generally this reptile is of enormous size. Actually no such creature as a "rainbow snake" exists.

In some parts of Africa, crocodiles are still held sacred. At Ibadan in Nigeria there is a white (albino) crocodile which has been kept in a pool for 200 years. Before Nigeria came under British rule, hundreds of human sacrifices were made to it.

For women of the Shilluk tribe in the Sudan, the crocodile is the form in which appears Nikaia, female consort of the supreme being, Nykang. Nikaia comes out of the water in the form of a child to bring good or bad luck to children. So women and children make offerings of food to the crocodiles in the rivers.

Snake worship is very old. It is found all over the world, new and old. In America it ante-dated the Incas in South America and was practised by the Mayans and Aztecs. Several tribes of Indians in the southwest United States still have regular snake festivals. Worship of the serpent goes back to earliest Egyptian history, but Prof. Hambly finds no connection between the old Egyptian snake worship and the present African beliefs. The earliest known sculptures in Mesopotamia, found at Ur and dating back to 3,200 B. C., are figures of tattooed snake-women, figures with serpent-like heads on female human bodies, showing snakes were once sacred, in Father Abraham's birthplace.

When Moses was leading the children of Israel through the wilderness from Egypt to the Promised Land, as told in Numbers 21: 6 to 9, "the Lord sent fiery serpents among the people, and they bit the people; and much people of Israel died." Confessing they had sinned, the people appealed to Moses. And Moses prayed to the Lord.

"And the Lord said unto Moses, Make thee a fiery serpent, and set it upon a pole; and it shall come to pass, that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live.

"And Moses made a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole, and it came to pass, that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he behold the serpent of brass, he lived."

The brazen serpent of Moses is believed by Biblical scholars to have been a rite brought out of Egypt, where the snake has been sacred for thousands of years.

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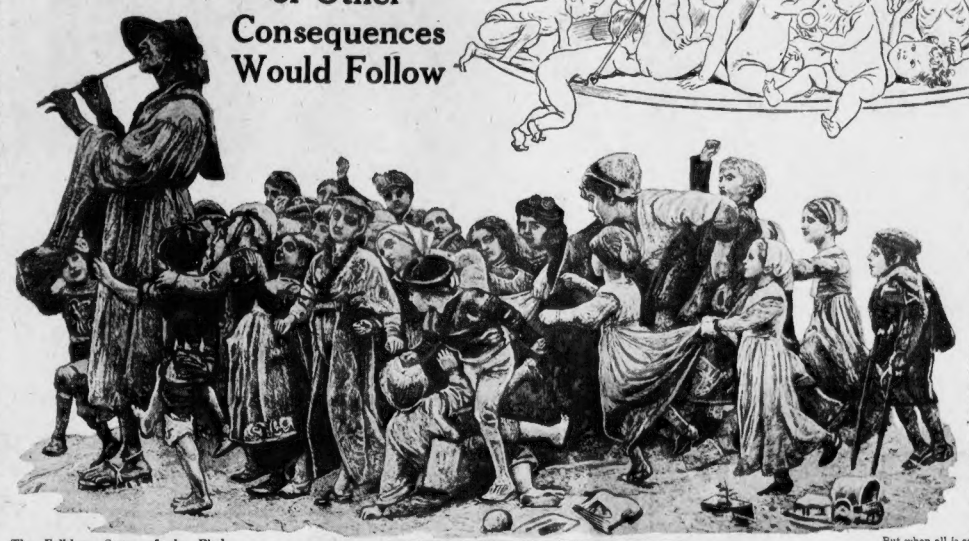
Startling Results if We Adopted the "Two Years Moratorium on Babies"

If No Infants Were Born in the United States for 24 Months There Would Be a Saving of $4,000,000,000 —But an Astonishing Series of Other Consequences Would Follow



Out of Every Twenty-two Babies Born in the United States, Only One Will Attain a High Grade of Intelligence Worthy of Leadership and Guidance. The Others of Lesser Intelligence Who Have an Equal Vote Are Outbreeding the More Intelligent Families.

AS a nation-wide economy in the present time of depression Mrs. Margaret Sanger, celebrated birth-control advocate, urges a "two year moratorium on babies"—that no woman, rich or poor, should have any for twenty-four months. There would be a saving of about $4,000,000,000 but there would be other consequences that are startling.

"Every child that is born now will only add to the financial distress of the family, imperiling the health of the older children and adding a presumably ill-nourished and puny specimen of humanity to a world that is already overburdened with dependents," said Mrs. Sanger, and pointed out that the financial saving might well be enough all by itself to break the depression.

The suggestion was condemned in many pulpits and other places but praised elsewhere, especially in England. Let us see what would really come of such a tremendous experiment. The results for good and evil would run far beyond the expectations of either Mrs. Sanger or her critics, would last at least a century and perhaps forever.

That the cost of bearing and raising children is a terrific burden on humanity, there can be no doubt, or that human offspring are an incomparably heavier tax on their parents than those of any other creature. Scientists have often expressed doubts as to whether man or insect will be the final master of the world. The greatest of the insect advantages over man is the fact that it invests no time or labor in rearing offspring. Nearly all insects simply lay their eggs and go away and forget it, like a bill that has been paid in full and all in one payment.

Insect children like those of the fish are born equipped and trained by instinct to support themselves. Therefore insects like fish can afford to have enormous families, for the same reason that human paupers often have large ones too—because it does not cost the pauper parents anything. Human babies cost money to be born. During the first year, many die and many more are sick, and sickness is more expensive than funerals. But among the survivors, the expense of keeping the completely helpless human child alive goes steadily on to maturity.

Somewhere in the United States a baby is born on an average of every 13 seconds and a death occurs every 23 seconds. Thus the stork has a ten-second jump on the grim reaper. During the moratorium death would be left without a rival and the American people for the first time in its history, would stop growing and shrink. But death rates and birth rates rise and fall together and this would be no exception. The death rate would fall because the graveyards would miss for two years their annual grist of 175,000 little white coffins of first year deaths.

Averaging the funerals of rich and poor, the babies would have cost to bury perhaps $250 each, which for the two years would amount to $87,500,000. There would also be the saving of children in the second year, born in the first year, but these are not so many and may be disregarded along with other items to keep the figures conservative.

Curiously enough it costs roughly about as much for a baby to be born as to be buried, that is, $250 on the average. There are funerals that cost almost nothing and also mothers who manage to get through child-birth with only home care and almost no cash outlay. These are balanced by the expensive births and deaths of the prosperous working classes and the rich.

As 2,250,000 births occur every year in the U. S. A. at $250 per birth, someone has to pay the impressive sum of $562,250,000 a year just to get them into the world. This item for the two years of the moratorium would be twice that amount or $1,124,500,000, to which is to be added the $87,500,000 for the deaths, making $1,212,000,000, but taking no account of the saving of deaths of mothers in childbirth.

In figuring exemptions for Federal income tax the Government estimates that a child cannot be brought up decently at a cost to its parents of less than $400 a year, not counting births and deaths. An only child will cost more than that, but in large families the economies of quantity production are evident and the cost per head is less than $400, because the older children can be made to take some care of the younger, who also inherit the clothing of the elders. Apparently there is not much difference in the cost of maintaining a child from the first year to the eighteenth. The nature of the expenses changes but the amount stays about the same. Contrary to general opinion, no more money is spent on girls than boys.

The Folklore Story of the Pied Piper of Hamelin Is an Interesting Illustration of a Moratorium on Children Unexpectedly Forced on the Good but Penurious People of the Old German Town.

Considering that 175,000 would have died during the moratorium's first year, this leaves 2,075,000 babies at $800 each for the two years or $1,660,000,000. As the 175,000 who would have died the first year may be averaged at six months, the saving on their short lives would be $200 each or another $35,000,000 to make $1,695,000,000 for the year. The upkeep saved on the second year's baby crop would be half that or $847,500,000, or so far $2,542,500,000.

To these items of child upkeep must be added the $1,212,000,000 already estimated for births and deaths making a grand total so far of roughly $3,750,000,000. If all the miscellaneous items were to be reckoned up the sum would doubtless run over four billion. So when Mrs. Sanger says that saving the expense of harvesting and preserving the baby crop for two years would save enough money, perhaps, to end the depression, she is not overstating things.

But that is only one side of the story. A saving of two billion dollars for each of two successive years, spread so widely over the whole population could not but have a tremendous effect. Furthermore, except for the births and deaths, this two billion dollar a year saving would keep on for another sixteen years, enough before it ended to wipe out what is left of the nation's war debt.

On the theory that a penny saved is a penny earned, two billion a year added to the pockets of American parents would be something to get excited over and chase the depression hot-foot. But, unfortunately, while a penny saved may be a penny earned, a billion dollars saved is very different from a billion earned.

The share of each pair of parents or would-have-been parents, in that delightfully large sum of two billion a year, would be made at the expense of somebody who would thus be out of work on account of the moratorium.

Doctors, nurses and hospitals need that $250 for each baby born. For the two years the maternity hospitals would be like Summer hotels in the Winter time. As their staff of doctors and nurses must live, these trained persons would have to scatter to other lines. The buildings themselves would have to be closed or converted to other purposes. Mills and shops devoted to baby clothes would shut down or clear out their stock for twenty-four months.

Fifteen Children Answer to the Dinner Call in the Metcalfe Home in Hoboken, New Jersey. All These Children Together, at the Age of 18, Represent a Cost to Somebody of $127,500.

Then, suddenly, every thirteen seconds would come pouring into the world again that river of babies. From their point of view it would be a sadly disorganized and unprepared world. Hospitals, doctors, nurses, manufacturers would have to be reorganized and mobilized after two years at other work. Plenty would be able to show how they were out of pocket by that moratorium and it is doubtful if many could show where they had gained by it.

Babies are small customers but there are so many of them and they are such steady customers that business relies on them almost as on the seasons and the rising of the sun. They remain a steady and reliable back log for industry and the professions until the babies grow up and become producers as well as consumers. Every Fall there is normally a lot of extra money put in circulation and a general stimulation of business when school opens with the sale, all at once, of millions of suits, shoes and hats as well as books and pencils.

These two empty years would roll down the century, disheartening every form of human endeavor. Kindergartens would have to close for two years and the wave of empty desks would pass through the grammar school and the high school and upset the colleges.

The first year there would be no freshman class, the next neither freshman nor sophomore. The next year a post-moratorium crop of babies would appear as freshmen, but with no sophomores to haze them and nobody else in college but seniors.

People average to do important things near enough to a certain age so that, business can prepare for them. Every year a million or so new little houses and apartments are built on the assumption that about that number of newly-wed couples will occupy them. Furniture, linen, silverware and other merchants stock up on the same assumption. What would happen to business when for two years none of these young couples appeared?

Law and medical schools would have almost no entrants for two years and business schools turn out no graduates. Business men would find a sudden shortage of new stenographers in the office and young labor at the mills and West Point and Annapolis would have a serious problem.

About the time business was mourning the missing two crops of brides and grooms, the life insurance companies would suffer lean years from lack of the insurance usually taken out by grooms at that time. Then would arrive the time when the missing millions would be due to have babies of their own—more customers lost. Last of all, having never been born, they could never die, thus cheating the undertakers out of a billion or so. Saddest of all, the politicians could never tax them.

Against these losses must be scored at least one big gain. For two years no criminals, insane, idiots, lazy or otherwise unemployable persons would be added to the population, giving courts and police a welcome rest. As Mrs. Sanger has pointed out, an unusual number of misfit specimens may be expected to be born during our present abnormal years.

Even in prosperous times, when food, shelter and home life is normal, it has been discovered by scientific investigation that out of every 22 babies born in the United States only one will attain a high grade of intelligence. Thus it is these other intelligence, who have an equal vote, are outbreeding and outvoting the more intelligent families. The stupid, half-wit fathers and mothers are the greatest breeders. It would certainly be of considerable value to mankind to have the increasing quantities of criminals and insane shut off for a couple of years, and this would eventually result in empty cells in the prisons and in reducing the overcrowded condition of the lunatic asylums.

But when all is said and done, bringing up a child is like slowly paying off the mortgage on a house. It is an investment for the future. According to the figures of Dublin and Lotka in their authoritative work, "The Money Value of a Man," the average boy or girl, at the age of 18, has cost his parents $7,400. Supposing that the moratorium would prevent 4,000,000 children from reaching the age of 18, this country would be poorer to the extent of nearly 30 billion dollars' worth of human stock. Counting the loss of customer business besides, it seems that the moratorium would turn out an expensive venture in the end.

Besides things that can be counted in dollars there would be other dislocations. Two million and a quarter wives whom Nature meant to be partly busy with children would have nothing much to do for two energetic years of their lives. This would bring extra business to theatres and soda fountains, but also to the divorce courts. These and many other things can be foreseen, but there would doubtless be still others that nobody could guess, for when man tinkers with any well-established arrangement the unexpected always happens.

In 1913 blasting for the Canadian National Railways caused a slide which blocked the gorge of the Frazer River, one of many on the Pacific Coast where salmon run up to spawn. Next year the gorge was clear and there was the usual run of salmon; also for the next three years. But on the fourth, when the fish that should have been spawned in 1913 were due to run up, not a one appeared. Every fourth year since, the run has been pitifully scant, in spite of the government fisheries' attempts to breed in the river spawn taken from elsewhere. That one unintentional baby salmon moratorium may last longer than the men who caused it.

The old folklore tale of the Pied Piper of Hamelin is an interesting instance of a children's moratorium. The ancient German village, overcome with rats, agreed to pay the piper to play his fascinating tune which irresistibly drew forth all the rats from their holes and hiding places to follow the musician to their destruction. But when the people of the town were asked to pay the piper, they repudiated their bargain. The piper then struck up a tune which drew forth all the young children of Hamelin, and, like the rats, the little ones followed him off to their destruction. But history does not record the resultant effects on this old German town of the loss of the children.

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Man Would Still Be In This Deplorable Condition

. . . *if it weren't for his "nagging" wife* . . her constant desire for better and still better things has been proved to be the mainspring of mankind's progress.

Authorities agree that Woman, rather than the "sterner sex," deserves chief credit for the comforts of present-day civilization.

You remember Kipling's story of "*The Cat That Walked by Himself.*" It tells of the beginning of civilization.

"Of course the man was wild, too," the story goes. "He was dreadfully wild. He didn't even begin to be tame till he met the Woman, and she told him that she did not like living in his wild ways. She picked out a nice dry cave; instead of a heap of wet leaves, to lie down in; and she strewed clean sand on the floor and she lit a nice fire of wood at the back of the cave; and she hung a dried wild-horse skin, tail-down, across the opening of the cave; and she said, 'Wipe your feet, dear, when you come in, and, now we'll keep house.'"

Though a fable, authorities agree that this doubtless describes man's first step up from savagery. And it is interesting to note that Woman then, even as today, placed first importance on cleanliness—and wanted beauty in her house. If you would prove that modern woman is even more particular in these respects you could point to the way her urging (or "nagging," if you will) brought us such conveniences as, say, the modern, colorful bathroom. You could point to the way she likes to keep this room "a show place," glistening clean. And to the way she wants everything in it pleasing to the eye. Yes, down to the last detail—as witness the fact that thousands upon thousands of American housewives already have in their bathrooms the beautiful, new *de luxe Package of Bon Ami*, just recently introduced.

Why are they so enthusiastic about this lovely, practical accessory? First, every housewife wants a good cleanser always handy on the side of the tub or on the shelf—always ready to make spotless the basin, tiles, tub, window, mirrors, woodwork, etc. And this *Bon Ami de luxe Package* is so beautiful that she can proudly leave it in sight. It's rich black and gold harmonize with any color scheme. Next, she knows that "scratch-cleansers" make bathtubs dingy, for scratches catch and hold dirt—and she knows Bon Ami "*hasn't scratched yet.*" Furthermore, Bon Ami leaves no sediment to clog drains. And it is odorless and does not redden the hands.

She doesn't have to punch holes in the top of this smart container

This *de luxe Package for Bathrooms* is convenient to use, too. Under the neat cap are four holes already made—to allow just the right amount of powder to shake out.

This big (almost double size) package contains the exact, same Bon Ami millions have used for years. Ask your grocer or delicatessen store for it—along with the regular Bon Ami *Powder* and *Cake* for kitchen and general cleaning use. If, by chance, they haven't it, ask them to get it for you.

BON AMI

FOR BATHROOMS

"Hasn't Scratched Yet!"

Good Housekeeping Institute

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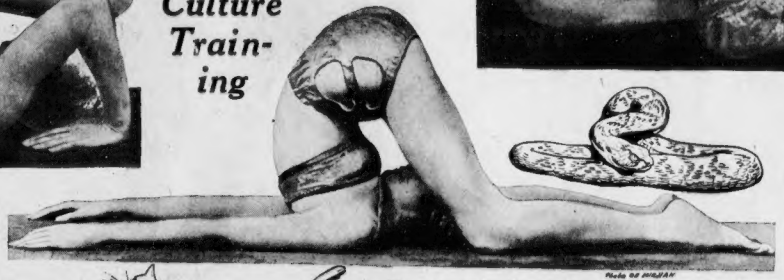
Grace and Health at the "Zoo"

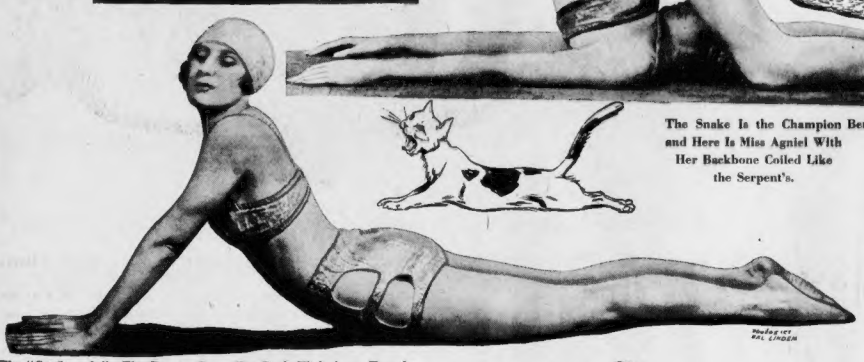
The Panther's Crawl, the Cat's Supple Movements, the Sloth's Inverted Exercises, the Snake's Flexible Coils, Even the Lion's Yawn, Studied and Applied to Beauty Culture Training

The Curious Little Upside-Down Brazilian Sloth From Which Miss Marguerite Agniel Got Her Ideas for Her Inverted Exercises, and Miss Marguerite Agniel Imitating the Sloth in an Inverted Posture, Which the Sloth Himself Would Have Difficulty in Duplicating.

The Dancer in a Difficult Position of Bones and Muscles Learned From Watching a Spider.

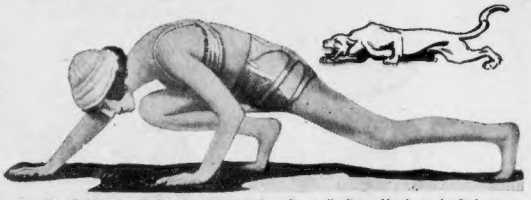


The Snake Is the Champion Bender of the Animal World, and Here Is Miss Agniel With Her Backbone Coiled Like the Serpent's.



The "Cat-Stretch." The Dancer Bows Her Back With Arms Tensely Extended Before Her and Legs Taut.

The "Dog-Stretch." This Is a Good Exercise for Arms, Leg and Spine. It Can Be Done in Bed Before Arising.



The "Panther-Crawl" Stretches and Unlimbers Practically Every Muscle in the Body. It Is Recommended for the Morning Trip to the Bathtub.

THE cat has been called Nature's most perfect animal—it has the greatest agility, speed and endurance for its weight and seldom has any illness. Indeed, in the animal world there is very little ill health because Nature sees that life habits of the various creatures keep them fit. Nearly all animals have natural gracefulness in their motions, and even the ponderous elephant moves with grace.

Miss Marguerite Agniel, who is now attracting attention in England by her system of beauty culture exercises, makes the interesting announcement that these unusual exercises are the result of a long, intensive study of animals at the "Zoo." The panther's crawl, the cat's supple movements, the curious Brazilian sloth walking and sleeping upside down, the flexible coils of the serpent, and even the un-selfconscious, thorough relaxation of the lion's yawn, have been studied and applied to her system of physical training.

It is the cat to which Miss Agniel largely owes her art and success, she says. From her pet's lazy, unhurried stretching and yawning on awakening from a nap she got the ideas for the dances and poses which have made her famous. The zoo panthers, lions and tigers helped her career, but its foundation was laid by her lowly house Tom. She also acknowledges contributions from the seal, the Brazilian sloth, the snake, and even the crab and spider. All of these she imitates in her dances and "limbering-up" exercises.

"The observation of the movements of animals provides a valuable study in rhythm," writes Miss Agniel in her new book, "The Art of the Body." "I am convinced that the so-called 'lower animals' know their physical condition much better than does the average human being, and if we could return to our natural states we would automatically resist physical discord. Since this is impossible, owing to the complexities of modern civilized life, in order to approximate to their condition it is necessary to cultivate consciously and by imitation what the animals do by instinct. A visit to the zoo will teach you many valuable lessons in exercise. Have you ever watched a lion yawn? He has no repressions or silly social conventions to prevent him from pumping the fresh air into the lungs. Constantly repressing yawns is unnatural and bad for the system.

"There is something to be learned from every animal concerning your physical improvement, but the members of the cat family—lions, tigers, etc.—are, of course, the most obvious examples of perfect bodily correlation. The stretching and twisting of their bodies keep their muscles elastic in spite of captivity. But if you haven't time to go to the zoo, study the humble house-cat, for in sheer grace of movement and the faculty of keeping himself fit he is an artist."

The cat is the world's champion stretcher. And that's the way he keeps fit. He seldom takes any violent exercise, but when he is called on to exert himself he is always ready. His muscles are kept lithe and strong by regular though leisurely stretching exercises.

Like a great many women, most cats lead a sedentary indoor existence. They seem to disregard all the prescribed rules of diet and exercise. According to health rules, a cat should be a horrible example of the wrong way to live. Instead, however, he is a star athlete. When necessity compels him to run, jump or climb, he does so with surprising speed, power and accuracy.

The secret of the cat's agility lies in his muscles, which are always tuned up to the point of highest efficiency. He keeps them that way by taking exercise in scientific, concentrated form—by stretching.

Anyone who has watched a cat awaken from a nap knows that he will not move away until he has thoroughly stretched himself. The usual ritual, performed in a leisurely, almost lazy manner, is to slowly come to all-fours, then to hump his back in a bow, pulling his legs up until they are taut and he is standing on his toes. Next he bows his spine in the opposite direction until his stomach touches the floor. Then comes a sort of circular motion with the entire body, accompanied by prodigious yawns. Finally, one after the other, beginning with the front legs, he stretches out each leg in a brief but rapid vibration.

Pussy, having stretched every muscle in its body, is now ready for any business which may come up, whether it is stalking a bird or rat, or scampering up a tree to escape a hostile dog.

Women wishing to reduce or to retain their girlish figures are advised by Miss Agniel to practice imitating the cat. This can be done in bed before arising. Arms and legs should be stretched and the spine alternately arched and bowed.

The next step in imitation of animals is called the "panther crawl." This is done on the floor. The woman should get down on hands and toes. First one leg should be stretched back as far as possible in imitation of the cat. Then the panther walk begins. One hand and one foot are carried as far forward as can be done and the other leg stretched back. Head and neck should be kept relaxed and the spine wiggled about as much as possible.

The ideal way to begin the day, according to the author, is to lie on the back and stretch arms, legs and abdominal muscles. Then sit up without help from the arms. Next turn on your side, rest on one hip and elbow and "cat stretch." If you yawn during this practice, so much the better.

On stepping out of bed, drop on all fours and "panther-crawl" to the bathroom. Use your toes instead of your fingers to turn on the tap. After the bath, bend and twist the body as you are drying it. When you lean over to dry your legs, keep the knees together and try to touch the floor. The knees need not be held rigid. Then alternate by standing on one leg, preferably on the tips of your toes, and stretch the other leg straight out in front of you as you dry it. Finish up with a few bends of the knees.

In this way the same benefits are obtained as from a dozen sets of tiresome calisthenics and without loss of time. The woman practising this procedure will begin the day almost as fit as the cat makes himself after his nap.

"Many of the small animals present most fascinating studies in bodily poise and beauty," she explains. "The lithe grace of the seal as he swirls through the water, the regal strut of some of the larger birds, and the setting-up exercises of the tree ducks are marvels of thoroughness and precision. Whatever may be said against the snake, even his worst enemy will not deny his grace. A study of their lithe movements and the designs made by their bodies in repose can be applied with great advantage to human grace and beauty.

"If you are a lazy person, it will be consoling to know that some animals are also. Take the Brazilian sloth. The name has come to have a bad connotation, but its owner is a charming little creature, and very graceful. His ability to sleep upside down shows that he has gained such control of his body that positions that seem to defy gravity can be perfectly natural, and accepted as part of the day's work."

Many of Miss Agniel's postures were inspired by the snake and the sloth, she says, especially those in which she bends her spine into seemingly impossible positions. Of course, the snake is the champion bender of the animal world. When Miss Agniel coils her body into what to most people would be back-breaking positions, she imitates the serpent.

To the sloth, the dancer gives the most credit for what she calls "inverted" positions, with the body above the head. The sloth sleeps upside down, hanging with his feet to a tree limb. A human being is "upside down" when the body is above the head. But in this instance, it would seem that she outsloths the sloth, for naturalists have recorded no instance of the animal contorting itself into some of the positions achieved by its human imitator.

Everyone is familiar with the peculiar "side-squat" of the dog, when he rests on his fore legs with his hind legs stretched out behind him. This is a fine stretching exercise and is recommended for the getting-up ritual.

Even the crab and the busy spider furnish inspiration for human exercises. With her hands just above the knees, Miss Agniel slowly leans forward until her forehead touches the floor. Thus doubled up, she presents an amusing resemblance to a crab or spider.

At the climax of her spider exercises she lies flat on her back, arms extended beyond her head, hands palms down on the floor. Then the knees are bent and the feet drawn back until the weight is resting on the ball of the feet. The arms are next extended until the dancer is standing on her hands and toes, the stomach arched upward.

Of course, crabs and spiders have eight legs each, but Miss Agniel achieves remarkable imitations with only two legs and two arms.

Few of us think of the elephant as a model of grace, but Miss Agniel does. "Have you ever noticed the amazing grace of the elephant?" she asks. "'As graceful as an elephant' usually has anything but a flattering implication, but if people handled their own bodies as well as the elephant does his, there would be quite an improvement in the grace of the human species. It is because of his enormous size that most people have the idea that the elephant is an ugly, ungainly animal, but despite his huge bulk he moves along as gracefully as a ship passing in the night.

"Take particular notice of how he walks. The greater the necessity, the greater the adaptation is the general rule, and elephants, if they were not poised, would be very frightful-looking creatures indeed, instead of the beautiful beasts they are."

At the age of 20 Marguerite Agniel was confined to her bed by an internal injury due to too strenuous dance exercises. Six specialists told her she must immediately undergo an operation if she ever expected to walk again.

"Having little else to observe, I began to take particular notice of my cat," she says. "I was fascinated by the strange but seemingly comfortable poses which this animal body fell into without any effort. He was always well and I was always ill. What was his secret? I observed the perfect relaxation with which he seemed to pour himself on the floor while asleep, and the stretching process he adopted when he awakened. He never hurried with this getting-up ritual; he seemed casual—almost lazy—but he was thorough."

She began imitating her pet, stretching herself in bed, gently at first but with more vigor as her muscles responded. Then she tried "dancing" in bed, moving her muscles rhythmically to the strains of a phonograph. In a month she was out of bed and preparing to resume her training for the career of a dancer.

The ill health of most women Miss Agniel attributes to "the unnatural conditions imposed on them by fashions, conventions and false modesty, with a corresponding lack of proper exercise, errors of diet, late hours and general carelessness in matters of health."

And in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, she says, good health can be restored by watching the family cat and imitating its system of concentrated exercise—stretching.

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The New Winter Coats

Authoritative and Newest Fashions From the Studios of the Most Distinguished French Dress Creators, Drawn by Soulie, Foremost Fashion Artist of Paris

This Coat from Miller Soeurs Illustrates Several New Features of the Mode and Is in Dark Brown Woolen Material, Trimmed with Brown Persian Lamb. Though It Is a Coat It Looks Like a Suit on Account of the Disposition of the Fur. This Runs Around the Neck, Well Away from the Face in the New Way. Crosses and Runs Round the Back Like a Bolero. Bands on the Sleeves Just Above the Elbow, Meet the Line in the Back when the Arms Are Held at the Sides, Increasing the Bolero Effect. The Belt Is a Strip of the Material Stitched.

Fur in Wide Diagonal Bands Is Often Seen in the New Coats. Here at Left Is a Model from Mirande, which Is Made of the Heaviest Black Crepe Marocain, Warmly Lined. It Is Called a Coat-Dress, but Could Easily Be Worn as a Coat Over a Light Gown. The Spiral Lines of the Fastening Are Well in Keeping with the Mode. Black Caracul Is the Fur Chosen to Outline the Crepe Collar. To Form a Diagonal Band Across the Front The Sleeve Is Interesting with Its Puff of Fur under a Turn-Back Cuff of Crepe. At Right Is Another of the Flat-Fur Effects.

Width Across the Shoulders, Types That Button Instead of Wrap Over, and Encrustations of Flat Furs, with Collars That Tend to Flare Away from the Face, Are All Characteristics of the New Coats. In This Model from Martial et Armand the Material Is Brown Diagonal Wool, and the Fur Is Pony, Very Flat and Supple. At Left—Black Coat with New Collar and New Way of Buttoning Astrakan Trimmed, and Model by Chantal.

PARIS, Oct. 23.

EVERY collection in Paris pays a great attention to the separate winter coat this year. This is because of the growing tendency towards a coat that can be worn with several different types of dresses, instead of the almost invariable ensemble idea of recent seasons. [illegible] done in collars, capes of the coachman variety epaulettes or cap sleeves, or sleeves at the top, is one of the leading characteristics of the coats for winter. Another is the use of encrusted furs, often making the whole top of the garment, in either waist-coat or bolero lines. A third is the fur collar that flares away from the face, though sometimes it may be closely fastened about the neck. A fourth is the tendency towards the buttoned coat, which does away with the gesture of wrapping it over and holding it with the elbow.

However, there are still quite a number of these wrapped over types to be seen. A fifth is the use of fur in crosses bands, or what might be called a fichu line. This last is very popular with Vionnet. All these characteristics are illustrated in the models sketched on these pages.

The coat from Martial et Armand shows the use of flat fur, in this case brown pony, in waist-coat form, but encrusted in the material, which is a brown diagonal woolen. Diagonals and ribbed woolens are popular for coats this winter, especially for those that may be worn for general utility.

The model from Chantal shows a new way of buttoning a coat, and also illustrates the collar that may be worn closely round the neck, or flared away from the face. It is in black soft finished cloth with Persian lamb, still one of the most popular of trimming furs. Others, often seen this season are broadtail for afternoon models, ermine on black, also for afternoon and important daytime occasions; an occasional collar of lynx or fox, though less of the fluffy furs. For the morning, Persian lamb still leads, with caracul, galline, pony, and other flat fur coming after. Some beige coats are trimmed with beaver or nutria.

Brown, in the deep shades, is making an effort to take first place away from black as a daytime color. Patou's collection definitely replaces black with a dark brown, which is almost a niggerhead shade. The coat drawn on this page from Miller Soeurs is in dark seal brown. It is trimmed with brown Persian lamb, which makes the collar, crosses in front on fichu lines, and runs across the back above the waist, giving the effect of a bolero in the back. There are bands of the same fur on the sleeves just above the elbow, which carry out the bolero effect from the front. The belt of this coat, for many of [illegible] of stitched material. Some houses belt the coats very [illegible] portantly. At Bruyere's, a famous coat house, the belts are almost a foot wide, and are made of stitched patent leather, though sometimes of the cloth making the rest of the garment.

Fur trimmings are frequently placed in wide diagonal bands this season, and this is illustrated by the coat from Mirande which is drawn on this page. The material is the heaviest crepe marocain, warmly lined. They call this model a coat-dress, for this type is very prominent in the collections for winter, but it might easily be worn over a thin gown. The spiral lines of the fastening are well in keeping with the mode for dressier coats. Black caracul is the fur chosen to outline the circular crepe collar and to form the diagonal band across the front. The sleeve is interesting with its puff of fur below the turned back cuff.

Many coat sleeves are full this season, sometimes at the shoulder, sometimes at the elbow, or again at the waist. Sleeves, in general, have received a lot of attention. They are often in two colors, or two materials, such as cloth and fur; sometimes the fur makes more than half the sleeves, sometimes it entirely composes it. All lengths of sleeves are seen on gowns, while several coats are made with elbow sleeves to accomodate the long heavy glove which is still so fashionable.

The new-old fashions are calling for many changes in accessories.

The perfumes of twelve months ago will not do at all with the little tilted hats and Victorian furbelows. They are strictly too sophisticated. Fashionable perfumers are coming out with quaint old fashioned scents, which smell of gardens of heliotrope, verbena, sunny daffodil and mignonette. They are exceedingly delicate and dainty, also very ladylike.

Worth is suggesting short gloves for evening wear with gowns of the Second Empire and they come in delicate pastel shades in lightweight suede and narrow pink scalloped cuffs.

There are also new ostrich feather fans with the frond of the ostrich much elongated. They are not more than 8-inches wide when opened and there are quaint three-cornered scarves also edged with the ostrich to be thrown around the throat looking much like the old feather boa.

Long scarves with fur ends can be used for old-fashioned little muffs to keep the fingers warm and there are straight and narrow filet scarves for evening with long fringed ends and rhinestones set in the filet.

Earrings will be important this winter and have necklaces to match.

Pale blue, pink or white satin evening bags are long and have crystal clasps; small white bags are embroidered in eyelets. Handkerchiefs come in two-color effects.

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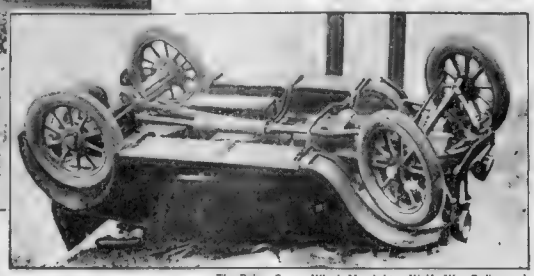
Secrets of the Surete, The French Dete

Mr. H. Ashton-Wolfe, Formerly of the Po of France, Explains How Modern Scientif Baffling Crimes an Remarkable Cases, of the Evidence fro

Police Examining the Scene of One of the "Accidents" at the Edge of the Orly Highway. Ashton-Wolfe Is Shown With Arm Extended.



The Police Car in Which Mr. Ashton-Wolfe Was Riding and Was Wrecked on the Orly Highway in Testing Out the Mystery of the Strange Series of "Accidents" There.

THE methods of modern science, developed culture, industry and elsewhere, and no police laboratories of France, Germany time to readers of the American Weekly.

Mr. H. Ashton-Wolfe, recently Assistant I and for many years associated with Dr. Bertillon, perhaps the greatest of all modern scientific de Detective Bureau and shows by further exampl uncover the most carefully concealed trails and

"The stories which I have selected for this s one or two details having been rearranged in d wounds," Mr. Ashton-Wolfe writes.

"I have myself taken part in the investigat of the cases I have specifically selected because breakers and the investigators."

By H. Ashton-Wolfe

Former Assistant of the Famous Dr. Bertillon, of the Surete (French Detective Police).

CHAPTER V.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

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—WHEN I entered Bertillon's office with my usual daily report I found him animatedly discussing our latest problem, the crime of a jealous doctor, with a little saturnine man of forty or thereabouts, whom I recognized at once to be Dr. Faubert, famous for his extraordinary theories on the heredity of criminal tendencies. He turned his head at my approach and I gazed into the queerest eyes I had ever seen.

Shifty eyes were no novelty, but those of Dr. Faubert were instead terrifying in their hypnotic fixity. This effect was heightened because one eye appeared large and expressionless, while the other was not only much lighter in color but small and intensely bright. It possessed, moreover, the strange gift of evading my own stare without moving, by a queer shifting of the dancing lights in its depths, so that I unconsciously focussed on the friendly and apparently sightless eye. An unpleasant feeling of fear, fleeting and intangible, gripped me a second, to be as swiftly dispelled by the amiable smile and full, sonorous voice with which this extraordinary man greeted me.

"You know Dr. Faubert, of course," Bertillon remarked with a tight-lipped smile. "He has brought me some Assyrian pottery to examine because he thinks it is faked; and, naturally, we fell to discussing crime!"

"When Greek meets Greek," I replied bowing, "the doctor is an authority on crime in the abstract."

"Exactly," the little man chuckled, rising, "in the abstract only, while Monsieur Bertillon deals with crime as a definite, tangible menace to the community." And with a sweeping salutation he withdrew.

"An unusually subtle fellow, that," Bertillon said thoughtfully. "I cannot quite read him. These things are very clumsily faked and I do not believe he was really taken in by them. Why then did he take the trouble to submit them to me?"

"Perhaps he is just an enthusiast. Crime seems to attract people more and more. The thirst for excitement, no doubt, because life is becoming humdrum."

Although Bertillon's pencil hovered over the sheet of paper before him I saw that he was aimlessly drawing squares and circles, his thoughts far away

"The papers have commented on the fact that I've decided to publish a pamphlet for the use of investigators, in which all crimes will be classified," he said at last, somewhat irrelevantly, I thought. "The crude, stupidly planned crimes, committed with firearm, knife, or poison, which are practically always detected, and also the more subtle schemes. Dr. Faubert seemed interested in the idea. He asked me, in fact, which type of crime I considered detection proof."

"The answer is obvious," I remarked. "If I were to plan a murder I would try to make it appear to be death from natural causes, or at least an accident. I should never sleep while I knew you were investigating. I should therefore try above all things to avoid arousing your suspicions. The only safe crime is one that does not look like a crime." And I laughed at the notion of having Bertillon on my track.

My chief stiffened and frowned. "H'm—well, I am glad you are no criminal. That is indeed the absolutely safe method, and God knows how many assassins are walking the streets as free men because we were never called to investigate. The motor car, for instance, lends itself admirably to faked accidents and the country police are inexperienced."

"No doubt about that," I replied. "Take the road between Versailles and Rambouillet as an example. It is not overcrowded, yet it appears to be an exceedingly dangerous highway. Eight fatal accidents have taken place in the vicinity of Orly since May—in three months—although since the driver was also killed or badly injured in each instance, he could only have benefited indirectly.

"So it would seem, but criminals are becoming more cunning and callous as science forges new weapons for them. At all events I intend to investigate one or two of these apparent accidents, and I have requested Captain Delvoye of the Versailles gendarmerie to give me a detailed report of any that may occur in his section, since that comprises St. Jacques, Orly, and Rambouillet. I do not think we shall wait long."

"But does not the mere fact that so many accidents have occurred on the same road make it probable they are really due to some natural and local cause? Surely criminals would not all choose the same highway?" I asked.

Before Bertillon could reply the telephone rang, and as he listened I was surprised at the grim expression that crept to his face.

"A queer coincidence," he said, hooking up the receiver. "That was Captain Delvoye. Marcel Jeannot, the sportsman, has been killed. His racing car was found just after dawn a complete wreck, not far from Orly, at the long curve we have just been discussing. With him were those two American oil magnates who have been attracting so much attention by their reckless expenditures. They are dead also. So far as Delvoye has ascertained the accident was caused by the slippery state of the road. The driver apparently jammed his brakes on so furiously that the abrupt check sent the car flying off the road in a four-wheel skid. It rolled down a bank, and dropped ten feet. Well, this time I'm going to have a look at the place myself. I knew Marcel's father, we were at school together." Suddenly he stopped speaking, a dawning horror in his eyes.

"Good heavens, I've just remembered—Marcel was to have married that pretty actress, Lisa Lefevre, next week. What an end to a charming romance."

As though to emphasize his exclamation, the light on his desk glowed brightly, warning us that a visitor was to be expected, and five minutes later the door opened and Mlle. Lefevre herself, whom I had often seen on the stage, came bursting excitedly into the room. Her face was deadly pale and her beautiful hazel eyes brimmed with unshed tears.

"My fiance has been murdered, Monsieur Bertillon," she cried fiercely, "and I've come to ask you to hunt down the criminal."

Mlle. Lisa Lefevre, the Attractive French Actress, Who Was Engaged to One of the Men Who Lost His Life at the Death Curve of the Orly Highway, and Was Herself Nearly Killed in Trying to Find Out the Secret of What Had Happened.

Enlargement from a Snapshot of Dr. Faubert Taken in His Garden. This Picture Happens to Show Clearly the Peculiarity of His Eyes.

"What makes you think he has been the victim of foul play?" my chief asked, a cold glitter in his eyes

"This letter, monsieur, from a girl who has been persecuting poor Marcel for more than a year. She threatened to kill him if he married me. Once before he had a similar letter, in which she even warned him he would die while driving," and she flung two folded letters on the table. Bertillon read them over slowly several times.

"These are just silly threats such as a jealous woman makes, mademoiselle. They mean nothing. She mentions that a crystal gazer foretold his death. That is not a threat. Hm. Wait a moment, though. This girl, Giselle, is she not the er—friend—of Dr. Faubert, a Spanish creole?"

"Yes—how do you know?"

Bertillon feigned not to notice the question. "That is the only point of any importance, so far as I can see. Well, mademoiselle, I had already decided to investigate this accident, so you may rest assured that if there has been foul play I shall inform you at once. If you care to return, do so, but please say nothing to anyone."

An hour later we were speeding over the broad road to Orly by way of the Chevreuse Valley. A knot of people had collected near the wrecked car, held in check by gendarmes, and we alighted some distance away to avoid comment. Dupont, our motor expert, at once examined the wreckage, while my chief scrutinized the road and the bank down which it had rolled. The report Dupont made after lengthy tests coincided with what we had heard from Captain Delvoye, who had joined us soon after our arrival.

"Obviously the driver's fault," he said. "The road slopes the wrong way here and becomes narrow at the curve. Poor Jeannot probably felt the car skidding and slammed on his brakes."

"When did it happen?" Bertillon asked.

"About one in the morning. He and his American friends were returning from a party at Prince Damiello's place near Rambouillet, and I daresay they were—let us say—jolly. A farmer taking his produce to Paris for the early market heard screams, then a roar of smashing machinery, and a moment later he saw a great pillar of flame. When he realized he could not approach because of the heat, he drove madly to the Orly police station and informed the officer in charge. He had met no one and seen no other vehicle on the road. The only queer part is that, although badly bruised, the unfortunate men who fell clear of the fire have none of them any visible injury likely to cause death. The doctor who examined them thinks they died of concussion and violent shock."

Bertillon pursed his lips to whistle but instantly checked the impulse. Without a word he began to circle round the wreck, which lay, its four wheels in the air, like some dead, uncouth monster. Then he beckoned me to him and walked slowly and thoughtfully up the road, peering right and left.

"That white hoarding in the fields just at the curve," he exclaimed abruptly, turning to Captain Delvoye, who had followed us. "It looks new. What is its purpose? Who put it up?"

The Creole, Giselle de Launay, Accomplice and Friend of Dr. Faubert

"The owner of that farmhouse over there, a fellow named Bader. He was so horrified at the many accidents that he erected it to make the curve visible from a distance."

"Yes—headlights would pick it up, of course. A kindly thought." And without further ado Bertillon leaped the ditch, crept through a gap in the low hedge and a moment later I saw him examining the hoarding—a fairly large expanse of rough whitepainted boards. There was a queer, intent look in his eyes when at last he came briskly toward us, but he made no remark beyond inquiring whether the scattered houses of the district were connected up with the electric light supply at Orly, to which the gendarme officer replied in the negative. Then, with a wave of his hand, he climbed into our car and ordered the driver to return at once to headquarters.

Mlle. Lefevre was pacing impatiently up and down outside Bertillon's office and the moment she caught sight of us she ran eagerly forward. Bertillon answered her unspoken question with a shake of the head.

"I am convinced you are quite wrong, mademoiselle. It was an accident, nothing more."

"It was not, monsieur" she cried angrily. "I was afraid you would come to that conclusion, so I have arranged to try what a woman's wits can do," and pushing her way past him into the room, she faced us with flushed cheeks.

"I'd like you to know what I'm going to do—in case anything goes wrong. I've made some inquiries also. The people who have recently met with disaster on the Orly road were nearly all friends of Prince Damiello and his cronies. Marcel and those Americans had also spent the evening at the mysterious Prince's country seat. Does not that strike you as extraordinary?"

"No, mademoiselle. On the contrary, it explains the accidents. They dined too well—champagne and cocktails; and night driving on that road requires a clear brain."

ctive Police

lice Laboratories ific Methods Unravel d Gives Details of With Photographs m Official Records

so marvelously in the fields of medicine, agri- w being applied to the detection of crime in the and England, have been revealed from time to

nvestigator, Lyons (France) Police Laboratory, of the Paris Surete (French Detective Police), ectives, again opens the records of the Paris s how the unerring instruments of science often make clear the most baffling mysteries. eries can be found in the official records, only rder to avoid giving pain and reopening old

ions or the final trials of the criminals. Several of the ingenuity displayed both by the law-

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"Very well. I shall have a clear brain. I intend to obtain an invitation to one of Damiello's parties for myself and some rich friends, noted for their jewels. I, too, shall return over the same stretch of road in the dark."

"You believe the Prince to be a murderer and that he robs his victims?" Bertillon asked, startled.

"It sounds monstrous—doesn't it? Perhaps I am wrong. Anyway, I intend to explore that sinister road after an evening at Prince Damiello's country mansion. I'll give you a detailed report," and with a defiant toss of her curls the girl marched out.

My chief sat for some minutes drumming his fingers on the table, a faraway expression in his eyes. Suddenly he straightened up and said irrelevantly:

"What's the name of the farmer who put up the hoarding? Karl Bader—sounds like a foreigner. Run up to Rousseau's department and find out what is known about the man."

The order surprised me, but I knew better than to question Bertillon while he was uncertain of his ground. Rousseau quickly found the dossier I needed. It contained little beyond the fact that the farmer was believed to be a German-American, who had bought the place a year previously with the averred intention of importing Yankee methods.

"American farming would explain the power plant I noticed," Bertillon remarked cryptically; then taking pity on my restrained curiosity, he added:

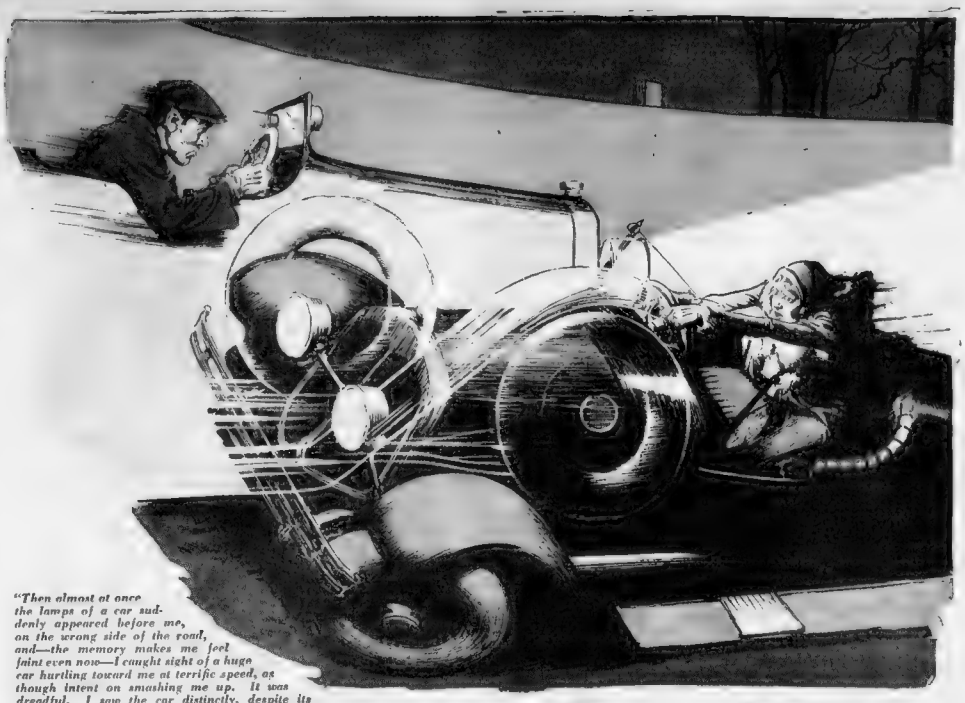
"Well, as a matter of fact I was considerably surprised to find big insulated terminals attached to the back of the white hoarding. They may mean nothing beyond mechanical ploughs and tractors, of course, but the field, as you saw yourself, has not been ploughed. Nor did the farm look prosperous. It's a queer business. I had to tell the girl I was convinced that her fiance's death was obviously an accident, for above all we must avoid alarming the criminals, if criminals there be. Her sharp wits also detected the coincidence that many of the unfortunates who met their deaths on that stretch of highway were returning from merry parties at the Prince's house. That again may be just a freak of chance. So far we are groping in the dark.

"There is one more point, however. The curve slopes the wrong way, but when built by Thompsons three years ago, it banked correctly. That may be the explanation. A long curve with the wrong slope will send a car slithering at the least mistake. However, we want facts, not theories, so I think you and Rousseau had better become loafers for a day or two and prowl about Bader's farm, and I'll have Inspector Louys keep a watch on the Damiello crowd."

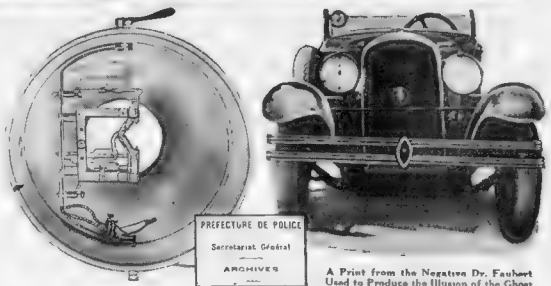
To play the tramp was a role that suited Rousseau well. We had both a working knowledge of the argot used by the brethren of the open road and to our amusement found chalked on the gate-post facing the front of the extensive farm buildings the warning symbol that signified "Beware of dogs!"

It was a queer household which gradually disclosed itself to our prying eyes. Karl Bader might be entered in our records as a German, but he could not disguise the characteristic droop of the eyelids I knew so well. Somewhere on his family tree was a Chinese branch. His wife, whom we encountered on the second day, was as strange as the man. Our meeting was not an event I care to think about. But it crystallized my growing suspicion that there was something sinister about the farm which made it necessary to prevent strangers approaching unseen.

We had camped on the bank of a small stream and Rousseau was watching the workers in the fields through his Zeiss binoculars, when there came a shrill whistling cry followed by a



"Then almost at once the lamps of a car suddenly appeared before me, on the wrong side of the road, and—the memory makes me feel faint even now—I caught sight of a huge car hurtling toward me at terrific speed, as though intent on smashing me up. It was dreadful. I saw the car distinctly, despite its lamps, which were very low down, and a great hunched shape showed clearly at the wheel. It had a white, inhuman, featureless sort of face; I can't describe it better. There was that fearsome car, coming straight at me—and then—everything became blurred and indistinct, and as I braced myself for the crash the awful thing dissolved like a dream. I went right through that car as though it were smoke."



The Reflecting Mirror and Special Arc Used by Dr Faubert in His Projecting Device for Producing the Phantom Car.

A Print from the Negative Dr. Faubert Used to Produce the Illusion of the Ghost Car. (Very Much Enlarged, the Original Being a Very Small Negative).

crashing of the undergrowth, and a sound like the panting of running beasts. Rousseau gave one look, turned horribly pale under his artificial grime and made a bolt for a nearby tree.

"Bears, mon vieux," he cried over his shoulder. "Up with you!"

"Bears be hanged." I retorted, for I had caught sight of the creatures as they ran. "Those are Siberian wolf hounds and twice as deadly. We'd better cross the stream. There's someone with them, fortunately," and I hastily plunged into the water and scrambled up the opposite shore. A moment later four shaggy dogs, that really looked like bears, were leaping with horrible snarls against Rousseau's tree with deadly intent to reach his dangling legs. I felt my skin creep with terror. If it came to a fight those fierce dogs would quickly tear our throats out.

Finding it impossible to get at my friend, they had turned, with weird howls, and were preparing to cross the river after me, when to my relief a figure in corduroy riding costume, with broad brimmed hat and top boots, burst in turn through the bushes. The high pitched musical call revealed a woman, and at her sharp command the huge beasts cowered and slunk away. The high cheek bones and thick-lipped mouth would have been repulsive but for the beautiful glossy hair which was coiled in two thick braids about the woman's head. The type was familiar to me, although strangely out of place in a French meadow. A half breed—Sioux or Chippewa I thought—and I wondered what could have brought her there.

She wasted no time in futile questions. Pointing to the dogs, she gave us clearly to understand that unless we ran for it, she would order them to attack us. Her appearance gave me an idea, however. Raising my right hand I gave her the guttural redskin's greeting, and without giving the creature time to recover from her surprise explained that I had once been a cowboy in Arizona, years ago, but, forced to hide from the police, was now homeless and seeking work.

"Very good, come! Plenty work at farm," and risking the dogs Rousseau and I limped after her towards the house. A meal was set before us in a spacious white-washed shed and after a short parley, the husband agreed to let us work in the fields. Thus we were able to come and go unchallenged for several days, so long as we made no attempt to approach the house itself, where someone was always on guard.

"Did the fellow give no reason for this secrecy?" Bertillon asked, when I made my report.

"He said he'd been robbed more than once, and was taking no chances. Of course he took us to be just a couple of stupid loafers whom any tale would deceive. There is certainly a dynamo and other machinery there. I could hear the characteristic drone every day. Bader pretends to be experimenting on electrically forced agriculture. That may be true—but if so the results are woefully poor. It is only a feeling but it certainly seemed to me that the farming is a blind. Those people are engaged on some criminal enterprise, what I cannot surmise.

"I do not suppose it has anything to do with the accidents on the road, but I believe by chance we have stumbled on something else. The third day I managed to climb a tree overlooking the upper floor. I had binoculars strapped to my waist, and thanks to these I could make out four people sitting at a table. They were bending over some papers in earnest conclave. Bader, his squaw wife, a handsome dark skinned woman I've not seen before, and you'd never guess—Dr. Faubert!"

Bertillon's face hardened and became expressionless.

"You are wrong. I fully expected that. He has been seen driving to Orly. Apparently he is also interested—in electrically forced agriculture," and my chief laughed harshly. "Yet for the present we can do nothing but watch and wait. A mysterious household is not necessarily a criminal one. We cannot prove a connection between those people and the automobile accidents. A judge would laugh at us. Did you have another look at that hoarding?"

"Yes—it's as queer as the rest. Two circular holes have been cut about four feet apart and as much from the ground. Behind these are several rods and a complicated arrangement of ropes and pulleys—and as you saw yourself, big insulated terminals. Yet search as I would I found no wires."

Bertillon nodded gloomily. "We'd better leave them alone for a time. The gendarmes have orders to watch Bader. A search would be useless and put the fellow on his guard."

So for several days I returned to my usual duties at the laboratories, dismissing the matter temporarily from my mind but irritated at not having succeeded in solving the mystery. Already other investigations had begun to absorb me, when early one morning, while leisurely dressing, I was startled to hear Rousseau's gruff tones at the door and a moment later he burst unceremoniously into the room.

"Hurry, mon vieux! The chief is downstairs. We are off to Dr. Deroulede's hospital. Miss Lefevre has been badly hurt."

"What!" I shouted, seizing my coat and hat. "Hurt—how?"

"Smashed up in her car on the Orly road some time last night. Bertillon has already examined the spot where it happened. The girl kept her word and went for a drive there in her big touring car. I know nothing more."

Bertillon remained obstinately silent during the run to the hospital but his manner was nervous and irritable.

We found the pretty actress in a ward by herself swathed in bandages and attended by a quiet, efficient nurse. Despite the evident pain it gave her, she waved to Bertillon the moment his spare form appeared in the doorway.

"I have solved the mystery of the Orly highway," she exclaimed in a weak, shaking voice. Bertillon raised his brows and glanced at the nurse, who apparently understood, for she at once withdrew.

"Now, mademoiselle, please start at the beginning—since you risked your life, let it be to some purpose." The girl waited until we had seated ourselves by the bed, then, unable to contain herself any longer, began eagerly:

"I did Prince Damiello a great injustice when I suggested that he is in some way behind these terrible accidents. It's a ghost, monsieur—a ghost that haunts the road and sends motorists to their death. I succeeded in getting an invitation to one of Damiello's parties. I did think at the time that my jewels and those of my two South American friends tipped the scale, but I know now I was wrong. Because of that suspicion, after taking these friends as far as Versailles, I gave them all my trinkets and put them down in a dark street, making up two excellent dummies with cushions and rugs in the car in case anyone saw me pass. I didn't feel justified in risking their lives. Thank heaven for that.

"Well, the party was to be one of those all-night affairs for which Damiello is famous, and I drove about the Meudon woods a bit until it was past ten. I don't suppose you'll believe my story of what happened after that and yet it's true. I started off at last, driving fast, but my eyes and ears open as you can imagine. There was no moon last night and unfortunately my lights were not good but I could see the road fairly well and I didn't worry. I had left the Chevreuse Valley behind and entered on the broad highway out of Orly, when, as I approached the curve, I heard the drone of a powerful engine somewhere in front.

"Then almost at once the lamps of a car suddenly appeared before me—on the wrong side of the road, and—the memory makes me feel faint even now—I caught sight of a huge car hurtling towards me at terrific speed, as though intent on smashing me up. It was dreadful—horrible. I saw the car distinctly despite its lamps, which were very low down. The drone of the engine increased to a deafening roar and a great hunched shape showed clearly at the wheel; it had a white, inhuman, featureless sort of face; I can't describe it better. Even then, subconsciously I suppose, I realized that to put on the brakes or to swerve would be instant

Continued on Page 21

The House Next Door

By Burton Stevenson

"I am pleased to meet Mr. Lester," Said Madame Carnevali, With a Gracious Little Inclination of the Head, and I Found Myself Face to Face With the Most Stunning Woman I Had Ever Seen.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

[illegible]

CHAPTER III.

The Chief Asks Questions.

CARNEVALI got out his cigarettes with a little shrug, offered me one and lighted one himself. We stood on the porch, smoking in silence, as we waited for the police.

"Hamilton is an excellent fellow," Carnevali remarked at last. "A good doctor, but very impulsive. I have had him once or twice in our mail. For some reason he has taken a dislike to me. But he is a very good doctor."

"I fancy his bark is worse than his bite," I remarked, hoping.

"Heart of gold—all that? Perhaps—yes, perhaps. Why was something of an ex[illegible] too, wasn't he?" I said.

"He is not what Verity was a friend," said Carnevali. "I [illegible] one can one expects re[illegible] one excuses it."

He turned away from me and [illegible] smoking moodily, staring down the driveway toward the [illegible] as though trying to reason [illegible] ing out. The problem was [illegible] with a knotty one, for he shook his head a little from time to time and there was a deep furrow between his eyes.

I wondered if Philip Verity was really a great scholar. Certainly he had not the look of one. If I had seen him without knowing him I should have put him down as a neurotic nonentity. But experience had taught me that appearances often count for little. I wondered why it was that [illegible] the dark, intense, [illegible] always subtly distasteful to the Anglo-Saxon mind. Perhaps it was the slight plumpness, which had something faintly decadent about it. Or the subtle suggestion of oiliness. Or perhaps it was because the lashes were too long, the eyes too intense, the lips too full and too red. Here, no doubt, was the basis of Hamilton's dislike, which, I confess, I was by way of sharing; I suspect that it had its origin in sex jealousy. Carnevali looked as though he knew too much about women in a morbid way. No fought most women found the look fascinating.

He suddenly [illegible] at me.

"I have never had any experience with the police in this country," he said. "It would be most unfortunate for me to get involved with them. I am arranging to go into business [illegible]"

"You are an Italian."

"Yes. I have been in America only a few months. It is one always has trouble with the police. It is impossible to escape their attention—but they are really not so bad. [illegible] suspect you are against the government. But here—all the police here really make a lot of trouble."

"An unbelievable lot. There will be post-mortems, an inquest, examinations, endless cross-questionings and probings into one's private life. Not by the police only, but by the papers—especially the tabloids. They are worse than the police. Nobody concerned in the case can hope to move about freely again until it is solved."

"And if it is not solved?"

"It will die down, of course, but always ready to break out again on the slightest provocation."

Carnevali flicked his cigarette-end out upon the driveway.

"Not a pleasant prospect," he commented. "I would have been wiser to stay at home."

"That is your house next door?"

He nodded. The house stood about fifty feet from the Verity place, and I could see that it was considerably the more pretentious of the two. There were some clumps of shrubbery between the two houses, but no dividing fence.

"In any event," I went on, "there was nothing else to be done. Hamilton was quite right—under the circumstances, it was his absolute duty to call the police."

"Yes, I can see that," Carnevali assented gloomily. "Duty—an ugly thing sometimes—especially when one is slow to it."

"From which I infer that you are not," I remarked.

"One can only do one's best," he answered with a shrug.

We relapsed into silence again, and presently Hamilton rejoined us. His face was still grim, but he had recovered his good humor.

"Thank heaven, that's over," he said, and lighted a cigarette. "I have never been able to make up my mind which is the worse—to be a doctor or a preacher. I'm a poor hand when it comes to making condoling remarks."

"How's Miss Verity?" I asked.

"Oh, she is all right. She took

(Continued on Page 16)

DANGER! "B.O." KILLS ROMANCE

It may be hurting you, too, because one never knows when one is guilty

PERHAPS you think these warnings about "B.O."—*body odor*—are meant for the other person, not you. Don't fool yourself! We're *all* likely to offend now and then unless we take precautions.

Pores are constantly giving off odor-causing waste—a quart daily. A warm room—a little extra physical exertion or nervous strain—and this odor becomes noticeable to others. You yourself won't be aware of it, and nobody will tell you. But they'll think of you as careless . . . undesirable . . . someone to be avoided.

Don't risk offending perhaps the very people you want most to impress. Keep pores clean and *deodorized* by frequent bathing with Lifebuoy Health Soap.

You'll thoroughly enjoy this delightful toilet soap. You'll quickly learn to love its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent that vanishes as you rinse. Use Lifebuoy a week and you'll be a Lifebuoy fan for life. It gives such quantities of lather—leaves you feeling so genuinely, so satisfyingly *clean*. No danger of "B. O." *now!* Lifebuoy's gentle, searching lather *purifies* pores—removes all odor.

Watch complexions freshen

Every night massage Lifebuoy's bland, creamy lather well into the skin; then rinse. This simple treatment gently frees pores of clogged impurities that make the complexion look dull and cloudy—quickly brings fresh, healthy radiance. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A product of Lever Brothers Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Lifebuoy HEALTH SOAP *stops body odor*

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY MENU will help solve the what-to-serve problem. Consult it regularly—on next to the last page.

Firm Gums? You Bet! . . . and my Teeth look Fine. . .

thanks to Ipana!

1. JIM TOLD ME ABOUT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" . .

It takes the kid brother to pass on the college education! I had "pink tooth brush"—but I wasn't going to get upset because my *gums* bled. But along comes Jim with the news that the football coach had advised him to start hardening *his* gums!

Nothing funny about 'pink tooth brush'," said the youngster.

2. SO I BEGAN TO USE IPANA AND MASSAGE

I began to *believe* him when he told me that was why my *teeth* looked dull and gray. And that "pink tooth brush" often let a man in for gingivitis, Vincent's disease and even pyorrhea. "The food we eat is too soft," the boy said. "You have to keep gums in *training*. You're due for Ipana and massage."

3. MY GUMS ARE HARD—MY TEETH WHITE . .

I'm not above taking advice! Now I clean my teeth regularly with Ipana. Twice a day. Then put a little *more* Ipana on my brush and massage it right into my gums. Let it stay, too. I like the taste of it. (My teeth were whiter the first week.) And my gums are as hard as a prize-fighter's muscles!

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Does your husband call you

"A GREAT LITTLE MANAGER"?

Here's the way many wives have made their thrift reputations....

BELIEVE it or not, men *do* brag about their wives. Maybe they don't *seem* to notice—but if you could only listen in, when one husband meets another!

Just now, for instance, you would hear a lot of boasting about wives who are "keeping the bills down"—yet serving "even better meals."

For certainly that is today's big home management problem. And it is a problem which millions of "great little managers" are solving every day, by careful, efficient menu planning.

The secret, of course, is to serve *inexpensive foods* more often. Not just *any* inexpensive food (for the problem is only half solved unless meals are just as satisfying and tempting as they were when cost was no item) but those particular low-cost foods which may be served in scores of substantial, attractive, always-popular dishes.

For example, *Dried California Limas*

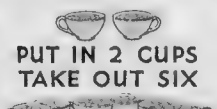
Economy is only *one* feature of this fine food. Its wonderful flavor and wide menu usefulness long ago made it a real favorite, even in homes where cost is not considered. But it *is* outstanding as an economy food. The cost per pound is ridiculously low right now, and Limas are *doubly economical* because each pound that you buy represents about three pounds, ready to serve—enough for a fine one-dish family meal, with plenty left over for soups and salads.

Then don't forget that Limas are one of the most *healthful* of foods—high in protein, vitamins, carbohydrates and mineral salts. They are *one of the most alkaline of all foods* (important in balancing the acid-ash excess in the average diet which causes the condition known as Acidosis).

Let Limas help you solve *your* budget and menu problems. The recipes below will suggest many other interesting, wholesome and economical uses. And don't forget that the way to be sure of *the best* Limas—*either "Regular" (large) or "Baby" Limas*—is to insist upon SEASIDE BRAND.

LIMAS EN CASSEROLE
Ingredient cost, about 23¢—six generous servings.

LIMA CHOWDER
Ingredient cost, about 22¢—six generous servings.



PUT IN 2 CUPS TAKE OUT SIX

When you buy 1-lb. (2 cups) of Dried Limas, you really buy 6 cups of wholesome food. That's real economy—for you!

HARLEQUIN SALAD
A fine use for left-overs—and a meal in itself.

These dishes are sure favorites... and they save you money, too

...ESPECIALLY NOW, WHEN LIMA PRICES ARE SO LOW

BASIC RECIPE

To revive the fresh, juicy tenderness of dried California Limas, soak them in cold water from 6 to 8 hours. Drain. Cover with boiling water and cook until tender, about 30 minutes. Add salt to taste after Limas have cooked for 20 minutes. (This *basic recipe* applies to either "Regular" (large) or "Baby" Limas.)

LIMAS EN CASSEROLE

Fry 6 slices bacon until crisp, and cut into small pieces. Place a layer of 1 cup cooked Limas in a buttered casserole. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, chopped pimiento and 1 tablespoon flour. Arrange the chopped bacon on top and add another layer of 1 cup cooked Limas. Again sprinkle with salt, pepper, chopped pimiento and 1 tablespoon flour. Pour 1 cup milk over all. Bake in a moderate oven (350°-375° F.) about 30 minutes, or until milk is absorbed. Serve from casserole garnishing with pimiento and additional strips of crisp, fried bacon.

LIMA CHOWDER

Dice 2 slices fat salt pork. Place in saucepan, cook 5 minutes. Add 1 small sliced onion and cook until just turning yellow, then add 2 cups diced potatoes and 1 cup boiling water. Cook until potatoes are tender, then add two cups cooked Limas. Melt 4 tbsps. butter, add 4 tbsps flour and stir until smooth. Then add 3 cups hot milk. Cook, stirring constantly until slightly thickened, then add Lima mixture and 1 tsp salt and ⅛ tsp pepper. Serve with oven-crisped crackers.

HARLEQUIN SALAD

Prepare and combine 1½ cups chopped ham, 1 cup cooked Limas, 3 sliced hard-cooked eggs and ½ cup chopped pickles. Mix with ½ cup French dressing and let stand for 1 hour in a cold place. Arrange individual servings on beds of crisp lettuce and garnish with quartered or sliced tomato. (Tongue may be used in place of ham, if desired.)

SEND FOR THIS FREE RECIPE BOOK

Tested recipes for many other Lima dishes (soups, salads, meat and vegetable combinations) are contained in a 36-page cook book compiled by leading Food Editors. We will gladly mail you a free copy of this interesting booklet upon request. Address Dept. 210, CALIFORNIA LIMA BEAN GROWERS ASSOCIATION, OXNARD, CALIFORNIA.

CALIFORNIA
"Regular" or "Baby"
Limas
FAMOUS FOR THEIR NUT-LIKE FLAVOR

This 100-lb *branded* bag at your grocer's always means *highest quality* Limas. Ask to see it, before you buy!

Something new!—the same *highest quality* SEASIDE Dried Limas in cans—ready-cooked. Just heat and serve. Ask your grocer for them!

The House Next Door

By Burton Stevenson

(Continued from Page 14)

it very well. She says she doesn't believe it. Nobody seems to believe it. he added, smiling a little as he looked at us.

"It seems too fantastic," muttered Carnevali.

"Well, we shall see," went on Hamilton cheerfully. "I hope it isn't true. Janet says she prefers to stay here," he added. "She doesn't want to leave the house. I can understand the feeling."

"She is going to stay alone?" I asked.

"Oh, no. I have telephoned for a nurse to come over to stay with her and to look after things. They know each other quite well—Miss Perry has nursed Verity from time to time when he had a particularly bad attack. In fact, Janet suggested her. She is thoroughly capable."

It seemed a satisfactory arrangement. At least I had nothing better to offer, and neither, apparently, had Carnevali.

And just then a car stopped in front of the house and three men got out. It was the police.

One of them was the Chief in person. His name was Jenkins. Hamilton knew him, of course, and introduced him to Carnevali and me, and then led the way indoors.

"Nothing has been disturbed, I suppose," said Jenkins, looking about the study.

"Nothing except that we lifted the body from the floor to the couch," I assured him.

"That's good," Jenkins nodded. "I'll just station one of my men here till the medical examiner arrives. I shall have to ask you gentlemen to wait—he will want to hear your stories. So will I. I'll get him here in a few minutes. John," he added to one of the policemen, "drive down to the City Hall and get Mr. Bernstein and bring him back." It happen to know he is there." The policeman hurried away. "Luckily Bernstein is in town today," Jenkins added. "His home is in Peekskill."

"Is he the coroner?" I asked.

"Yes—that's what most people still call him," answered Jenkins with a smile, "though his official title is 'medical examiner.' I suppose somebody thought it sounded more dignified."

He turned away to the couch, took a look at the body, and then made a leisurely survey of the room. He had a hard-bitten, weather-beaten but intelligent and good-humored face, and seemed to know what he was about. At least he took the affair coolly and did not bustle about or get excited, as I had seen others do.

"How does that book happen to be on the floor?" he asked.

I explained that it had been on Verity's knees, but had fallen when he slumped to the floor.

"These are his glasses, I suppose?" and he indicated a pair of heavy-rimmed glasses lying near the edge of the desk near the chair.

"They look like the ones he usually wore," said Hamilton.

"Could he read without glasses?"

"I do not think so."

Jenkins contemplated the glasses for a moment, and said: "Why had Verity taken them off, I wonder? Had his reading been interrupted? Had he laid them aside while he talked to someone? Perhaps the questions flashed through the Chief's mind too, but after a time he turned his attention to the other things on the desk—the books and pamphlets, pen and ink-well, a pipe in an ash-tray, a jar half-full of tobacco, a large reading-glass, an ivory paper-knife, a small ivory Buddha beautifully carved, and a pile of manuscript.

"What's all this?" he asked, indicating the manuscript.

"Verity was working on a book," Hamilton explained. "Had been for years. I suppose that is it."

Jenkins picked up a page, read a few sentences, and laid it down again.

"Queer stuff," he said. "What is it about?"

"It's a book on Hinduism," answered Hamilton. "He was an expert on the subject."

"No question of his being a little off his nut?" asked Jenkins.

"Oh, no," said Hamilton. "He was sane enough."

I moved over to the desk and took a look at the manuscript. It was beautifully written in a hand like copperplate. There is something about handwriting of that sort, so even and regular, which repels me. It lacks individuality. It always gives me the impression that the writer is trying to disguise his real self. It has an air of furtiveness and criminality, as though it were a mask. The effect in this instance was lessened a little by the fact that the manuscript was covered with corrections and interlineations. Verity, evidently, was a painstaking author. And a learned one—or perhaps only a dilettante—I was too ignorant to tell which!—as I discovered after I had read a few sentences.

I was still struggling with it when the policeman returned, ushering in Mr. Bernstein. He greeted the chief, shook hands with Hamilton somewhat effusively, I thought, and then with Carnevali and me, as Jenkins introduced us. I cannot say I was impressed by his appearance, but then coroners are rarely impressive, even when they are called medical examiners!

He went to work in a business-like way, however, heard our stories—to which Jenkins also listened attentively, asking a question or two—and then inquired if he could see Miss Verity. Hamilton went to look for her, and while he was gone Miss Perry arrived. The first glance at her reassured me. She was an alert, sandy-haired girl, in her late twenties, with a good-humored face and capable manner. I noticed that Carnevali also seemed pleased at the look of her.

When she learned we were waiting for Miss Verity she went to her at once and came back with her a few minutes later. Miss Verity had recovered her self-control, and Bernstein did nothing to upset it. In fact, he was extremely gentle, asking only a few necessary questions. These she answered fully and without hesitation. She was pale and her voice trembled a little as she spoke, but I saw with relief and admiration that she had herself well in hand. There would be no more wild sobbing. Perhaps there would be no terror in her eyes.

"That is all, I think," said Bernstein at last. "Do you want to ask her anything, Chief?"

"Only one thing," said Jenkins. "Can you give us any clue to the author of this crime, Miss Verity?"

"I do not believe there was a crime," she protested quickly.

"But, if there was," Jenkins persisted, "could you give us any clue?"

"Absolutely none," she answered, a little sharply.

"You do not know of any reason, or of any enemy . . ."

She did not wait for him to finish.

"Father had no enemies," she said. "Nobody could possibly have had any reason to kill him."

She spoke almost fiercely. There was a flush of color in her cheeks.

Jenkins looked at her meditatively for a moment and then dismissed her. Miss Perry took her away. I began to suspect that Jenkins was more clever than he looked.

"That is all for the present, gentlemen," said Bernstein, turning to us. "There will have to be a post-mortem before we can hold an inquest, so it will not be until day after tomorrow—Thursday. In the morning probably. You will all be wanted as witnesses. I will send out the subpoenas tomorrow," and after a moment's low-toned conversation with Jenkins, he bustled out.

Hamilton and Carnevali also took their departure a minute later—Hamilton with a curt nod, Carnevali in a manner much more suave. I lingered for a word with Jenkins, who was waiting for the arrival of the ambulance which was to take the body to the mortuary.

"Mr. Royce, our senior partner, is an old friend of Verity's," I said, "and is co-trustee with Miss Verity of her father's estate. We shall want to represent her and spare her every possible unpleasantness."

"That's all right, Mr. Lester," Jenkins agreed heartily. "I will see that you are kept informed. What do you think of this case, anyway?"

"It is perfectly amazing. It is unbelievable that Verity could have been killed in that way."

"It seems so, doesn't it? But Hamilton is very certain about it."

"Well, it is going to take a lot of proving."

Jenkins nodded.

"I agree with you," he said. "And I am glad you're here, for I happen to know that you have had quite a lot of experience. You have been associated with George Simmonds, haven't you?"

"Yes, in two or three cases. A long time ago."

"I used to know Simmonds well," Jenkins went on. "I was on the force in New York before I came to Mount Vernon, and I always admired the way he went to work on different cases and hammered away until he got results. Of course we have a detective bureau of our own, but this case looks to me as though it were going to take some solving, and it will probably turn out to have a New York end—all these cases do. What would you say to my asking that Simmonds be detailed out here to assist us?"

"You couldn't do better," I said heartily. Simmonds was not a genius, but he was honest, hardworking and trustworthy. Furthermore—and this was to my mind no small asset at the present moment!—he was not a publicity hound. The sensational press would get very little out of him.

"I'll do it then," said Jenkins, and picked up the phone.

I should have liked a word with Miss Verity before I left, but she was not visible. However, I did manage to get hold of the nurse as she passed along the hall, and drawing her aside told her of our firm's relation to Verity, and gave her my telephone number and that of the office, asking her to call me if I could be of the slightest service.

"There is one other thing," I added. "As soon as the papers get wind of this affair there will be a lot of reporters out here. Don't let them see Miss Verity on any pretext—don't let them in the house—and don't talk to them yourself. Tell them they must get their information from the police. You may have to be quite firm."

Miss Perry smiled.

"I know reporters," she said. "I've dealt with them before. You can trust me."

"I am sure of it!" I said with conviction. "The police will probably be back to look over the place and may want to ask some questions. You must help them, of course, every way you can, but protect Miss Verity as much as possible."

"Of course," she nodded. "I understand all that, Mr. Lester."

"Jenkins will probably leave a man on guard in the library. But if he doesn't, don't let anything be disturbed until after the inquest."

"I understand," she said again, and I bade her good-night with the feeling that Miss Verity could not have been in better hands.

CHAPTER IV.

The Mystery Deepens.

It was not until I reached home that I was able to think of this extraordinary affair in any connected sort of way, and as I sat there turning its details over in my mind and trying to fit them together, it grew more and more astonishing. Here was an inoffensive scholar, Philip Verity, who had devoted his life to an abstruse work of interest only to other scholars, sitting quietly at home in his study poring over a book, when some one had entered, stolen up behind him and murdered him by breaking his neck. That, if I reasoned correctly, was what Doctor Hamilton believed. Really, it was too absurd. It was absurd to suppose that anyone would attempt such a thing—that Verity would sit quietly without a struggle—that he would even smile, as though he enjoyed it—that he would calmly take off his glasses and place them on his desk. No doubt so they would not be broken! No, it was too much!

And then I suddenly remembered that I should give Mr. Royce some account of all this, and at the end of a few minutes had him on the wire. He listened in astounded silence while I told him briefly what had occurred.

"But I don't believe Verity had an enemy in the world," he protested when I had finished. "I didn't know him very well," he went on. "He was a classmate of mine at Columbia, but he was one of those scholarly fellows and didn't mix much. That was nearly forty years ago. He got an instructorship after he graduated, and taught for some years, philosophy, I think. I saw him at class reunions occasionally, but only to speak to, and then about fifteen years ago he came into the office and asked me to draw a will for him. He was planning to go to the Orient to make some investigations, and expected to be gone a long while. He looked all shot to pieces and I wondered if he would ever come back. That was the last I heard of him until last Saturday, when he called me and asked me to come out to Mount Vernon, as he was too ill to come to the office, and I made the appointment for today. He seemed in a hurry, but I couldn't go yesterday, as I had to be in court. I might have asked you to go, but who could have foreseen anything like this?"

"Nobody, of course. He didn't say why he wanted to make a new will, or anything about its provisions?"

"No. Just that he had drawn one up and wanted to be sure it was in legal form before he signed it."

"Well, the first one will stand. Have you any idea what the estate will amount to?"

"No, but I don't think it is large. I remember that fifteen years ago he was worrying about

(Continued on Page 17)

There *IS* a Way to Get Instant Sleep

ENTIRELY WITHOUT DRUGS!

A Swiss Food-Drink Not Only Brings Sound Sleep Without Drugs . . . *It Rebuilds "Played-Out" Nerves While You Sleep*

NEXT time overtaxed nerves rob you of sleep—next time the "wee small hours" find you tossing and still awake—remember this:—*There IS a way to get instant sleep*, entirely without drugs.

It is simplicity itself. Here's all you do:—Stir a few teaspoons of Ovaltine into a cup of warm milk. Drink it just before you get into bed. You'll fall asleep a few minutes after you touch the pillow. And sleep 8 hours as soundly as a child.

In the morning you waken refreshed, clear-eyed. Filled with the bounding energy that only restful sleep can bring. Ready to tackle the day with a smile—alive and "on your toes"!

For, while you sleep, the peculiar dietetic properties found in Ovaltine resupply your system with the energy lost the previous day. And promote the *kind of sleep that does real rejuvenates.*

You—you can take Ovaltine night after night and not only get to form a habit, as with drugs, but actually *build up* your health! So you teem with energy every day.

What It Is—How It Acts

Ovaltine is a scientific food concentrate developed in Switzerland by a scientist of world fame. Not a medicine in any sense of the word. But a super-delicious food-drink.

During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. They found that it does 3 things no other food in the world will do.

First, it induces sound, restful sleep by a *natural* process.

Second, it aids digestion, since it contains in high proportion a remarkable food property known as diastase. This is a natural food substance with the power to digest the starch content of other foods in your stomach. Thus it lifts a great burden from your digestive organs.

Third, it rebuilds worn-out nerve and body cells. In addition to other valuable food elements, Ovaltine contains in concentrated form a natural vital property called "lecithin," which is the important part of nerve and brain tissue. And these special food properties rebuild nerve, brain and body tissues as you sleep.

Try It Tonight

Just try Ovaltine tonight. You'll be amazed how quickly you fall asleep. See how different you feel tomorrow. A few weeks' use of Ovaltine will make an amazing difference. Your whole appearance will show the result of this restful sleep and new vitality. Due to its high content of diastase—Ovaltine relieves digestive distress and in this way combats one of the main causes of sleeplessness.

For, through stimulating and aiding digestive processes, Ovaltine tends to draw blood away from the head. And reduces the congestion that is present in brain capillaries when a person lies awake thinking and worrying instead of sleeping.

Thus the mind is not disposed to unusual activity. On the contrary, a state of mental calm is induced. And normal sleep follows quickly.

Start tonight! Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls in a glass of warm milk and drink just before you go to bed. You'll sleep more soundly, probably, than you have in weeks.

But don't judge Ovaltine merely by what is claimed for it. Even disregard, if you wish, the fact that it is endorsed by 20,000 doctors . . . *Try it and see for yourself.* You'll be delighted with the sound refreshing sleep you get and the redoubled energy that's yours next day.

(Note) Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore their energy and well-being. It is also widely recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children, nursing mothers, convalescents and the aged.

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I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine.

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(Print name and address clearly)

Address .....

City ..... State .....
(One package to a person) 140-3

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink

Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to Swiss formula

Corns

Lift right Out!

FREEZONE does it! Puts the corn to sleep—deadens all pain—and soon makes it so loose in its bed of flesh that it lifts right out! Hard corns or soft—all are quickly ended by FREEZONE. Calluses, too. Get a bottle at any drug store and walk and dance in comfort!

FREEZONE
ALL DRUGGISTS

backache!

BAUME BENGUÉ (pronounced Ben-Gay) quickly relieves the knife-like pain or "crick" in the back due to lumbago or sacro-iliac disturbance. Its penetrating quality stimulates circulation, lessens congestion and soothes the irritated nerves. Its exceptional pain-relieving properties bring immediate comfort. Good for every pain of nerve and muscle.

Ask for "Ben-Gay"
Accept No Substitutes

To the Mothers
whose children won't eat

NATURE knows best. Never coax a child to eat! Remove the cause of a youngster's poor appetite. When appetite fails, tongue is coated white, eyes are a bilious yellow, don't give small children a constipating cathartic that drains the system and weakens twenty feet of tender bowels! California fig syrup is all the "medicine" they require.

The Child's Appetite Will Always Respond

Specialists will tell you that a sluggish appetite almost always means the child has a sluggish colon. Correct this condition called *stasis*, and see how quickly a listless, drooping boy or girl begins to eat—and gain! The only "medicine" such children need is pure, unadulterated fig syrup.

California fig syrup is doing wonderful things for ailing, sickly children all over the United States. Children who get fig syrup, now and then, soon have the appetite and energy of young animals! They keep well and avoid colds and sluggish spells.

Nature never made a finer laxative for children; and they all love the wholesome, fruity flavor of the real California fig syrup. It's purely vegetable, but every druggist has it all bottled, with directions. Begin with it at once. The very next day, your child will be eating better and feeling better. Keep on with the fig syrup a few days and you will see the most amazing improvement in appetite, color, weight, and spirits.

A single IF

The promises made by the bottlers of California fig syrup are true—and it will do the same for you—IF it's genuine CALIFORNIA fig syrup. Don't accept any bottle that does not plainly say CALIFORNIA. Every druggist has the genuine.

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The House Next Door

By Burton Stevenson

(Continued from Page 16)

what would become of his daughter if he should die. She was just a child then. He had placed her in a private school. She must be a young woman now—or is she dead? Perhaps that is why he wanted to make a new will."

"No, she is still alive," I said. "But we can talk this all over tomorrow. How are you?"

"I'm quite all right again. I'll be at the office in the morning."

"That's good. I'll see you then," I said, and hung up.

Perhaps, I reflected, if we knew why Verity wished to change his will we would have a clue to the mystery. And then I sat suddenly erect. Why of course—he had told both Mr. Royce and me that he had it drawn, and only wished us to look it over. It was probably on his desk—how stupid of me not to have thought of it! Well, nothing would be disturbed there, and I could call Miss Verity in the morning and ask her to look for it

But quite probably there was no connection between Verity's death and the will. It was ridiculous to suppose that somebody who objected to it had walked in and wrung Verity's neck. The only one who could object was his daughter, since under the old will she had inherited everything. Somebody would be saying next that it was she who had killed him! I wouldn't put it past the tabloids!

As soon as I was awake next morning, I telephoned down for copies of the morning papers and I opened them with considerable trepidation, for I expected to find the Verity case blazoned in big type across the front page. But it was not. In fact it had not been considered front page news at all, and I found it only after some search, among the obituaries on an inside page. In every case it was short and entirely unsensational. A person named Philip Verity had been found dead in his study with his neck broken—that evidently was all the information which Jenkins had given out. The reporters, naturally enough, had assumed that the cause was accidental—how could it be anything else?

And since none of them had ever heard of Philip Verity, his death, even from an unusual cause, awakened no interest whatever.

Not even to the most sensational of the tabloids had any such absurd theory occurred as that of Doctor Hamilton. Jenkins probably doubted it himself, and so had been severely restrained in what he told the reporters. He realized how ridiculous his position would be should he exploit as a mystery something which might easily turn out to be no mystery at all! The inquest, I saw, was to be held next morning at 10 o'clock at the police station at Mount Vernon. No doubt by that time the police would have discovered the cause of the accident, if they had not already done so.

All the papers gave brief accounts of Verity's career—brief, for one thing, because there was very little to tell. What little there was had probably been dug out of some class record, or perhaps out of "Who's Who in America"—though I doubted if Verity had ever figured there—and was just about what Mr. Royce had already told me. As I thought it over, on my way downtown, I wondered what Verity had been living on during all this time. There seemed to be nothing in his recent activities which would bring him any income. It had been evident to me the day before that Miss Verity and her father lived very simply, but even that, in these days, takes a lot of money.

Mr. Royce was at the office when I reached it, quite recovered from his illness but considerably upset about Verity. I told him the story in more detail than had been possible over the phone, and we talked the case over for a while without getting any more light upon it.

"Perhaps I had better go out and see Miss Verity," he said. "I doubt if Verity had any close friends—he seems to have shut himself off from the world—and there may be something I can do."

"Were there any relatives?" I asked.

"Verity never referred to any. In fact he gave me the impression that if he died his daughter would be alone in the world. I remember I half-promised to look out for her. Now would be a good time to begin."

I went back to my own office and to work, and did not see Mr. Royce again until early in the afternoon, when he stopped in to tell me that he had been out to Mount Vernon and had seen Miss Verity. She was quite composed—surprisingly so, in fact, and I somehow gathered from Mr. Royce's manner that he thought this composure a little unnatural. Various neighbors had called with offers of assistance, but she needed nothing of the sort. The police had visited the house again, late the previous evening, and had made a minute examination of the study and asked Miss Verity a number of questions.

"How about the draft of the will?" I asked. "Did you inquire about that?"

"Yes. We looked for it, but could find no trace of it, either on the desk or in it."

"It must have been there. Perhaps the police found it," I suggested. "Did Miss Verity express any opinion as to the cause of her father's death?"

"Not beyond saying that she was sure it was an accident. I gave her a chance to say more, if she wished to, but she evidently did not. I got the impression that she preferred to avoid it—which is natural enough."

"Yes—but I am afraid that she can't avoid it tomorrow. The inquest is at 10 o'clock."

"She should have counsel," said Mr. Royce. "Have you been subpoenaed?"

"Yes."

"Suppose you see her beforehand, then, and tell her that you will act as her counsel?"

"Very well," I agreed.

"And do you know, Lester," Mr. Royce added, "I don't believe she had any money. She didn't say so—she assured me that she didn't need any—but I had the feeling that that was just pride. I finally got her to accept two hundred dollars. I explained, of course, that it was an advance which would be deducted from the estate when it was settled. Somehow I got the impression from the place that Verity has been hard up."

"Yes, that was the impression I got yesterday," I said.

He went back to his office after that, and I put in a call for the Verity place.

It was Miss Perry who answered the phone.

"Miss Verity isn't here," she said, when I asked for her. "Mrs. Hamilton insisted that she go out with her in her car. So did I. She ought to get away from this house for a while, and a ride will do her good."

"It will," I agreed. "How is she?"

"Perfectly all right, but doing a lot of thinking."

"That is natural enough, isn't it?"

"I suppose so, but I don't like so much of it. Somehow I don't think it is altogether about her father's death. She has something else on her mind."

"Has she said anything?" I asked.

"No—she is not a very talkative person, Mr. Lester."

"I suppose not." I agreed. "The police were there last night, so Mr. Royce tells me."

"Yes, the man who was here yesterday and a nice old fellow from New York who said his name was Simmonds, and a third man—very intelligent looking—whose name I didn't hear—his assistant, I suppose."

"I know Simmonds," I said. "He is all right. What did he do?"

"He talked to Miss Verity for a while and had her tell him everything that happened yesterday, and then he looked all about the study."

"Did he discover anything?"

"I don't know—he didn't say. The third man didn't discover anything, I am sure of that."

"Why?"

"I wasn't there all the time, of course, but so far as I could see, he didn't do anything but read that manuscript which was lying on the desk."

"The manuscript of Verity's book?"

"Yes."

"Did he take it away?"

"No; left it right where it was. I took a look at it afterwards. I can't say I found it interesting. But he seemed to."

"An Orientalist, perhaps, whom Simmonds had brought along," I suggested.

"Perhaps. A clever man, anyway. You could tell that just to look at him."

"You haven't been bothered by reporters?"

"Not a reporter. I don't understand it."

"They think it was just an accident—which of course it was."

"Of course," she echoed, but there was no conviction in her voice.

However, I saw no use to argue about it, so I told her good by and hung up.

It was good news to me that Simmonds was on the case, for I had a great respect for his common-sense, with which he never permitted his imagination to interfere. He never indulged in far-fetched theories or picturesque hypotheses—in the old days he left all that to Jim Godfrey, the police reporter of the Record, with whom he had formed a sort of partnership that was profitable to both—but he had a genius for detail and a dogged tenacity which I had never seen surpassed. It is astonishing how much mere dogged tenacity can accomplish. Simmonds never overlooked anything. Nothing was too much trouble.

I was not surprised, therefore, when, about the middle of the afternoon, the office-boy brought in his name.

I was unaffectedly glad to see him, and I think he was equally glad to see me.

"I know you are busy," he began.

"Now, see here, Simmonds," I broke in, "don't talk any nonsense. I haven't seen you in years and you have got to stay awhile," and I pressed him into a chair.

"It has been a long time," he agreed. "How many years ago was that Marathon affair?"

"Fifteen, anyway." I said. "You don't look a day older than you did then."

He passed his hand over his grizzled head.

"A little grayer," I corrected. "But what does that amount to?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, Mr. Lester," he said, "I don't feel a great deal older. I will be sixty-five next month, too."

"I only hope I will be as fit when I am that age!" I said. "I

(Continued on Page 20)

A lovely Royal Visitor compliments American Women

The Marchioness of Milford Haven

The former Countess Nada, daughter of the late Grand Duke Michael of Russia, LADY MILFORD HAVEN is the wife of a Lieutenant-Commander in the British Royal Navy, son of the late Prince Louis of Battenberg, famous as First Sea Lord

LADY MILFORD HAVEN sat in her suite in a great New York hotel, high above the brilliant pageant of Fifth Avenue. It was evening, and she was royally lovely in a sheath of white satin with dazzling jewels and superb pearls that echoed the creamy perfection of her skin.

I put the question I had come to ask and the Marchioness smiled enchantingly.

"American women? But, of course—I find them delightful! So pretty. So charmingly dressed. So perfectly groomed. They have the most appealing charm that any woman can possess—"

"And that—?"

"—is a beautiful complexion, unquestionably."

LADY MILFORD HAVEN was fresh from several weeks of California sunshine; her pretty compliment was obviously sincere. "Thank you!" I said, and we went on to talk of the care of the skin.

"No wonder American women have beautiful complexions," she smiled, "for many whom I have asked tell me they follow the Pond's Method—the simplest and surest way."

"You know it, too?" . . . Delightful to discover another royal user of Pond's!

"I find it the simplest way to keep my skin fresh and clear," she explained.

"The Cold Cream is unrivalled for cleansing, with dainty Tissues to remove the cream . . . the Skin Freshener is like a dip into the fountain of youth . . . and this all-important cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime. If your skin is dry, leave on a little fresh cream overnight.

2—Now wipe away all the cream and soil with Pond's Cleansing Tissues—"the best way to remove Cold Cream I ever found," Lady Milford Haven says. These dainty Tissues are less expensive, yet more efficient because they are so much *softer*, and half again more absorbent. They come in white or peach.

3—Saturate cotton with Pond's Skin Freshener and pat cleansed skin briskly to brace and tone, banish oiliness, close and refine pores and bring a lovely natural color to faded, sallow cheeks. This gentle tonic and mild astringent "would have gladdened the heart of Ponce de Leon," says Lady Milford Haven. "It is like a dip into the fountain of youth."

4—*Smooth on a dainty film of Pond's Vanishing Cream about an hour before you powder, to make the powder go on evenly and last longer.* It disguises any little blemishes there may be in your skin and gives a lovely velvety finish. Use this exquisite Vanishing Cream not only on your face, but wherever you powder—arms, shoulders, neck. And it is marvelous to keep your hands charmingly soft, smooth and white!

You know Pond's easy, unfailing way to personal loveliness, of course . . . exquisite complexions of society beauties prove its success . . . These four steps keep your skin enchantingly young and lovely:

1—Generously apply Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing of your face and neck, several times daily, always after exposure. Let the fine oils sink into the pores and float all the clogged dirt, powder and make-up to the surface . . . At bedtime, repeat

the Vanishing Cream is the secret of perfect grooming!"

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Good Time

By James Wedgwood Drawbell

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

PEGGY DEANE, an orphan of English stage folk is brought up in Switzerland by a puritan aunt. Upon the aunt's death she hurries to London and starts the little money her aunt has left her in an attempt to catch up with the normal good time she has missed.

Penniless unable to earn a living, and owing a hotel bill she cannot pay, she accepts the invitation of her friend Joan to accompany her to a theatrical party in her bedroom. Intrigued by the girl's beauty and wit, Peter Graves, the well-known playwright, arranges to have her remain out of sight in the room after the party has left the room. A married actress she intended to blackmail, but Peter proves a brilliant and successful young playwright.

Graves points out that he could send her to prison for her theft and asks her why she did it. She frankly admits that her life has been denied all her life.

The playwright suggests she work off her hotel bill, and the two begin writing a comedy together. Peter falls in love during the day she spends in his company, and in the evening she revels in the gay life of the theatre, and thus she can have her good time and pay off her debt. He will always have first call on her services, however.

Peggy agrees enthusiastically. The first night on her new job she meets Tony Walham, a matinee idol, and Julia Carrol, a prominent actress. After dinner Tony suggests they all go on to an all night club, but Peter vetoes the idea for himself and Peggy. Back at the hotel Peter overhears her agree on the telephone to step out and join Tony at the night club but he does not want to hear her change her mind and listens.

Peggy neglects the intricacies of stenography and becomes an efficient secretary and companion. At a rehearsal she meets Joe Kempner, a producer who knew her parents.

Peter goes to spend the day at his country place, but Peggy needs a previous engagement with her delicate Joe with whom she refuses to tell him, but promises to be at Julia's in time for dinner. She is to spend the day with Joe Kempner's family, but Peter suspects she is going out with Tony again and is hurt at her apparent disloyalty, and a little jealous. As Joe is driving her to [illegible] Tony passes them and [illegible] Peggy arrive together Peter thinks his suspicions are confirmed.

Night Life, Peter Called It, Quite Contemptuously. Put Peggy Loved It.

CHAPTER XI.

Tea for Two.

TONY WALHAM'S flat was one of a block in Knightsbridge. Peggy went down to it on top of a bus. She took off her hat on the bus and let the wind play with her hair, and the hat was still in her hand when Tony opened the door to her ring.

"Hello," he said gaily. "You look very Summery."

His brown eyes were bright and teasing. He drew her gently through the door.

"Am I untidy?" she asked. "I feel all blownawayish."

"You look wonderful. Diana of the Uplands and that sort of thing."

He bent forward, quietly, naturally, and kissed her. It was the mere-t flick of a kiss a friendly kiss. She hardly know it had happened. And it seemed the most natural thing in the world.

He took her hat.

"I'll park this for you." He led the way down a green passage into his sitting room. "Here we are."

It was very like Tony, as like him as a room could be. She caught herself thinking that while he'd appeared with her hat. And suddenly she remembered that she knew absolutely nothing about Tony so that it was absurb for her to imagine that the room resembled him. But she was sure it did. It was Tony, the mocker, who had made this room. She sat in a low green suede armchair and smiled at the extravagance of it.

The walls were painted in black enamel. They gleamed like dark mirrors, reflecting the bright green of the painted floor and the darker green of the suede armchairs and the big settee. The upper part caught the reflection of the silver ceiling, so that the room seemed more spacious than it was, a large colorful room with deceptive lights and shades from the black polished walls. A room with a definite hard brilliance, and yet a subtle softness.

The wall near the fireplace was broken with low book-shelves—thin strips of metal book-shelves of an attractive vermillion hue showing between the layers of multi-colored books. The vermilion was picked up again in a huge cushion piled among several silver cushions on the suede settee, and in the solitary ornament of the room, a figure in ivory on the mantelpiece.

It was the figure of a scarlet-robed Cardinal lifting his head pensively from a book in his clasped hands. A long, challenging figure, the flowing lines of the cloak giving symmetry and strength to the composition. A strange figure for Tony Walham, the matinee idol, to have in this glittering room.

Tony gave her a quick glance when he came back.

"I thought you would like it," he said, seeing her expression.

"I understand it," she corrected.

"Same thing. You're bound to like it if you understand it. I knew you would, Peggy."

"Oh. How did you know that?"

He sat down on the arm of a green armchair and swung his legs.

"Because you and I talk the same language. We don't know anything about one another, and yet we know heaps. That right?"

She got up and walked to the window.

"You sound quite sure about it, Tony," she said over her shoulder.

He joined her at the window.

"Of course I am. So are you." He pulled out his cigarette case. "Tea's just coming."

They stood smoking in the sunshine at the window. Tony's man brought tea, and moved about the room. Peggy scrutinized him through the smoke of her cigarette. He was middle-aged, slightly bald, smoothly efficient, with a quiet step, and a quiet eye.

"Thoroughly respectable!" said Tony, reading her thoughts, when his man had left the room. "I can answer for Jinks!"

"You're too quick, Tony!"

"Not at all. I can't help knowing what you are thinking. I told you we talk the same language. That's just what I meant."

"What an awful prospect!"

"Depends on your thoughts," he said lightly. "Keep them in order and you've nothing to fear."

She laughed and went to the table to give him tea. But he was there first. He seized the silver tea pot.

"This is my party, Peggy. Say when!"

He had got chocolate biscuits specially for her.

"I knew you would want them," he said, and she was oddly reminded of the first morning with Peter when he had known she would prefer tea to coffee.

"Tony," she said, puzzled. "Is there something very obvious about me?"

"Obvious?"

"I mean, is it written all over my face what I like and what I don't like?"

He dodged the question. Instead, he said quickly:

"Well, can you tell from my face what I like?"

The mockery went out of his eyes. He gazed at her intently. She could not mistake his meaning.

"Of course I can," she said inspecting his face gravely.

His slow smile came back. He saw she was going to legpull.

"You can?"

"Yes. I should say you like bacon and eggs for breakfast and nice fat press notices about your acting!"

"Is that all that's written in my face?"

"That may not be all, Tony, but the rest is in such bad writing that I can't read it!"

"What a pity!" He moved away from her and flung himself into a chair. "And I thought you were so intelligent!"

She said slowly: "And I thought you could read thoughts!"

Over his second cup of tea: "Tell me about you, Peggy. I haven't seen you since that night at the Savoy. But I feel I've known you for ages. Why didn't you come to the Kit?"

"I wanted to get some sleep."

"What for?"

"Idiot! So that I could work next day."

"With Peter?"

"Of course."

He sighed. "I've said it often. Peter has all the luck." Then seriously: "But you said you would come. You didn't—I mean, Peter didn't——"

"Ask me not to?"

"Yes."

"How could you think that? Of course he didn't."

"I sort of thought—well, you did change your mind rather funnily."

"I know. But I did it of my own accord. Peter had nothing to do with it."

"Nothing at all?" He looked glumly at her over the bitten end of a chocolate biscuit.

"Yes, I think he had," she said frankly. "You see, Tony, Peter's giving me such a good time that I couldn't have gone behind his back like that. Could I?"

"I suppose not." He took the empty cup from her, raised his eyebrows questioningly, and put the cup on the tray when she shook her head. Then, with his back to her: "How did you meet Peter?"

"Meet him?"

"How did you two get together?" He sat down and faced her again. "Peter's never mentioned you before. And it seems queer to me that he should know a girl like you and never mention it."

"Why? Does he talk about all the girls he knows?"

"No. But you're not in the same class as all the girls a man knows."

She laughed at him.

"Tony Walham doing his stuff," she mocked. His eyes glinted in admiration at the way she put him off. "I'm such a wonderful girl, aren't I, Tony? So different!"

They chuckled together.

"You are, as a matter of fact," he said soberly. "That's why you're here today. I don't want to talk silly rot. I want to talk about you, Peggy, because I want to know about you. And I want to talk about books, because I'm sure you know about them. If you were the same as all the other girls one meets we would have gone to the Savoy for tea, and danced a bit, and hung about till cocktail time, and generally talked the awfullest piffle. I wanted you here so that we can be our real selves."

"Real selves?"

"Yes, you know what I mean. All the silly business dropped for a little. Just you and I together and those books. I knew you would like it."

"This isn't just your usual line, Tony?"

"Peggy! I ask you!" He was genuinely hurt.

"Sorry. But it's such a good one that it's almost too good to be true."

"It's quite true."

"I know it is, Tony. That's why I came."

She did not tell him how she had first met Peter Graves. But she told him something of her childhood and her life with her aunt in Switzerland. What she had sketched only briefly to Peter she told in detail to Tony. He listened attentively and she found a quiet comfort in his sympathy. They may or may not have "talked the same language," as Tony said, but he listened in the way she wanted him to listen, and all the kind of things she hoped he would say.

"Jolly clever of you to be able to earn a living at all after a life like that," he said. "What gave you the idea of going in for this secretary kind of business?"

"That was Peter."

"He had a brain wave, hadn't he?"

"He had."

"But lucky of you to carry it out, Peggy."

He did not know the circumstances.

"Not so plucky. Lucky to have the chance."

She walked over to his books. He followed her slowly, his thoughts still on her story. She was on her knees at the bottom shelf when he joined her. He put an arm round her and lifted her up and slipped a silver cushion between her and the floor.

"Don't spoil those lovely legs, Peggy." He let her down lightly on to the cushion.

She fingered the books lovingly.

"My one extravagance," Tony said.

She squinted up at him.

"And this flat! And an expensive car! And other things!" she said. "I bet you're hard up, Tony."

"That," he said soberly, "is the quietest description I have ever heard of my state of financial chaos. I am, as you say, hard up. I am always, unfortunately, hard up."

The telephone bell rang to confirm it. He answered its insistence and the moodiness deepened on his face as he spoke into the receiver.

"Yes," coming away from the instrument. "Very hard up. That was someone threatening me with a summons. You've always got to pay for the good things in life."

The telephone rang once again while Peggy was in the room. But that was an hour later when she was on the point of leaving, after reading part of the manuscript of the play in which Tony was shortly to appear.

"Perhaps you'd like to read it," he suggested.

"I'd love to."

He brought it to her and they read it together sitting on the big settee.

"The second act is the strong one," he said. "I've got a marvelously fat part in it. Look. Here, and here." He rapidly turned over the typewritten pages, and as he became absorbed in the play the mocking-eyed Tony disappeared. He became something quite different, something more grown-up, matured, efficient.

He quickly explained the situation in the first act that led up to the second, and, rising to his feet, showed her the setting of the stage.

"You see, this chair is here, and that spot (he pushed an armchair out of the way) is where the body is discovered. As I come into the room——" He went quickly to the door and took up from there the cue she read out to him from the manuscript. In a moment Tony was plunged into his part and everything else was forgotten.

She prompted him from time to time, but she could not—even to herself—criticize him. Tony might be a frivolous young man. He might be most extravagant and dreadfully hardup. But he was a capable actor.

It was the most exciting tea-party Peggy Deans had ever been to in her life.

"By Jove!" Tony said, when an imaginary curtain had fallen slowly on the second act, "it's jolly decent of you, Peggy."

"Of me?"

"Seeing me through the act like this."

She could not restrain herself from saying: "Tony, I think you're quite wonderful. I mean, in that part."

"Thank you. That's nice of you."

"I hope I shall see the play on the first night." Peggy glanced

(Continued on Page 19)

the children's doctor... asks *THIS* question *FIRST*

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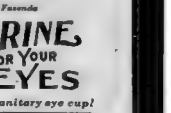
You can END GRAY HAIR



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Good Time

By Jessie Wedgwood Drawbell

In a Moment Tony Was Plunged Into His Part and Everything Else Was Forgotten.

knows in a way, but just by instinct. We've got such a lot in common, too. She adores Peter. In a nice, friendly way, I mean. But I know she does. She's never said as much, but she shows it in all kinds of ways. They're awfully fond of each other. I said as much to her last week. "He's just like a big brother to you, Julie." But I don't think she heard me. She just went on putting more lipstick onto her lips. Or perhaps that's why she didn't speak. She didn't want to spoil the effect. I think she's silly using lipstick on those lips of hers. They're so naturally red.

And the most tapping mouth! I wish I had a mouth like Julie's. All flexible, and wide, and expressive. "The most kissable mouth in the world," Tony calls it. I suppose he should know. He kisses most of the women he knows.

But he does it in such a chummy way! I wonder what he'd think if he knew he was the first man to kiss me. He wouldn't believe it. But it's true. That day when I first went to have tea with him at his flat was rather wonderful. My first kiss. It sounds terrific. At twenty five! Ye Gods. "And How!" as Julie says.

But it's not much fun sharing Tony's kiss with everyone. I do not suppose he thinks about it. All the people on the stage seem to kiss one another anywhere, anyhow, and at any time. I expect Tony kisses Rona, too.

She pretended to once when I was at Tony's place. I don't blame any cousin of Tony's for wanting to be with him a lot. But this woman does seem to pile it on a bit. I'm sure he was annoyed with her. She's not in the least attractive. Tony says, which must be a bore for him. He likes the company of good looking women. I don't suppose Tony will ever marry, although I should think most women would want to marry him.

But Peter doesn't kiss all the women he knows. I'd forgotten that. I've never seen him kiss one of them. Oh, yes, I have, Julie. Or is it Julie who kisses him?

He's strange. Why do I get back to him again? Am I glad that he doesn't kiss all the women he meets or am I sorry? Does it matter? Why should I be bothering my head about it? I'm not. I'm just filling page after page of this silly diary because it's a hot night and I can't sleep. And I feel the need of arriving at some kind of conclusion regarding this exciting life now that I am at the half-way stage.

It has been a topsy-turvy time for me. I have not had much time to sit and think in the last four weeks. But I have learned that I can do more than I thought I could do, and that I have many more assets than I imagined.

So that I don't think I worry about the future after my contract with Peter comes to an end. There are so many people who are willing to give me a chance. Arthur Terry has been a perfect dear. He has drawn me several times, and there was a big advertisement in the Daily Expressthis morning with my face on it. It made me blush all up and down my spine. It's a terrible feeling at first seeing your picture in a newspaper. I've reviewing your emotion. But Arthur says I could get heaps of work like that. My head is just the type they want just now, apparently. He would introduce me to lots of people who'd help me. It's awfully good of him.

And I'm going to see Gus Wellbeck tomorrow. I know he wants to talk about my going on the stage. I laughed at him the first time he mentioned it—just after a party Julie gave on the river when Helen Smith sang her wonderful negro songs—but he's very persistent. I haven't mentioned a thing to anybody about it. Not to Peter or Tony. And certainly not to Joe. I think Joe would have a fit if he knew. He's taken such a decent, fatherly interest in me, and he hates the thought of any girl he knows going on the stage. Love could do that, because Jill once tried to, and Joe was furious.

Why should he be? I know it's not the marvelously romantic life it's supposed to be. It's jolly hard work. And I know also that the chances of big success are about one in a thousand. And that scores of capable actresses are out of work six months every year—if not more. I know all that. I've learned something in the last four weeks! But it does fascinate me. After all, I must have stage blood in me. Daddy and mummy were on the stage, and I must have a lot of them in me, surely. It would be fun, to hold big audiences spellbound, and to hear the applause. Awful fun!

I'd like to act in a play of Peter's! Wouldn't it be wonderful to have him coming on the stage at the end of the first night when the public were shouting for "Author! Author!" I know what he'd say. Just what he said at the first night last week. That he was grateful to them for the reception, but more than grateful to the actors who had made the play so much better than it was.

It would be fine to have Peter "more than grateful" to me!! I'd love that. I wonder if he'd hate being more than grateful to me. I get the feeling sometimes that he would. A bit of a caveman in his funny way, is Peter. He'd like to spank me occasionally, he thinks I'm such a silly infant. Well, well! It's misunderstood girls, as Julie would say. He's rather a dear.

I'd like to go on with work like this. I don't imagine for a moment that I could find someone like Peter to work for, but there must be heaps of jobs—secretarial jobs—that I could do now. But a stuffy office would be a terrible disappointment after this wonderful life. I think I'd better make the most of the time before it is too late. On with the dance! It's a good life if you don't weaken. That's Julie again. Funny how I pick up those silly things she says. I'd like to be like Julie. When I said so the other day she wasn't a bit flattered. Like Peter, she thinks I'm a baby at times.

And babies need sleep. So I'd better get some. But it's hot. It's very quiet down in Piccadilly now. I've got had a lovely swig of lemon squash and a long look at the window. I expect Peter would wake up. I would like to telephone him and play some kind of practical joke. Tell him I'm the income tax collector or something. Just to hear what he'd say at being roused. But he would be furious with me. And I seem to annoy him enough as it is without going out of my way to do it.

I might phone Tony. Would he like me to accompany him? No. I don't think I shall. I phoned him once before, very late, and he was having a party. It could scarcely hear a word I was saying for the noise they were making. That lovely room of his wasn't meant for parties. It was meant for just one person sitting and dreaming. Or for two people, if they talking quietly. Tony and me!

Well, here I am nearly at the end of this poor diary. The 27th of October—and it's still on the 1st of August. That's the worst of being associated with Peter. It gives you the urge to write. The 27th of October! I wonder where I shall be then. I suppose I am a bit worried about it. And at the bit puzzled about everything. It all been rather a dream. Perhaps the 1st of September, when Peter ends, it will be the awakening.

We should worry! That Julie almost wanted to say "Poor Julie." What a ridiculously sad thing Poor Julie! Why, she's the luckiest girl on earth.

Confession, diary! She's not. I am

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

(Continued from Page 18)

at her watch. "But I must go now. I had no idea it was so late."

It was then that the telephone bell rang again.

"One more of them, perhaps," Tony said gloomily. "I must get this phone cut off. No, I can't do that, because I would not be able to telephone you, Peggy. And I'm going to do a lot of that."

"Who?" he said into the receiver. "Oh, you, Rena! How are you, darling?"

Peggy paused on her way to the door. He looked up at her. "Wait till I finish," his eyes said to her, and she stood with the glass handle in her hand, her eyes on the silver ceiling, her toe drawing a circle on the bright green floor.

Tony talked for a long time. The room at the other end held him when he wanted to drag himself away, pulled him back to details of some future engagement when he was trying to get in a word.

"Of course, of course, Rena," he said. "No, I shan't forget. I sound very abrupt? Good heavens, no! I've just been rehearsing the play. Naturally, I'm a bit tired. Annoyed? No, no," very wearily. "I'm not annoyed. Why should I be?"

He sought Peggy's for sympathy. She kept her face turned toward the ceiling.

Tony put down the receiver at last. He came quickly to the door.

"Rena's awfully nice," he said. "But just a little bit tiring. A cousin of mine. You must meet her, Peggy."

"I'd like to."

"I'll fix it up," Tony promised. "Sometime."

CHAPTER XII.

Rough Notes in a Diary.

PEGGY DEANE sat up in bed reading the entry in her diary against the date August 1. It was a still, stifling night, and the window, wide open to catch any cooling breath of air, brought little relief. A hot day had ended in a sticky night that made sleep impossible.

The entry was a long one. It was the first she had made since the July day on which she had met Peter. It sprawled through the pages of her diary, overrunning all August, September and October.

"It doesn't matter," she murmured philosophically to herself. She put down the small fountain pen and reached for a glass of lemon squash on the table at the side of the bed. "I'll probably be too busy to fill up these months anyway."

This is what she read:

Well, that's half the time gone I still owe Peter four weeks' work. (She had written "money" and scored it out.) Four more weeks, and it's all over. I don't know why they I'm glad or sorry. A mixture of both.

I could be sorry. I really think I could feel a bit worse about the end than I do, but Peter is a difficult person. I wonder if he knows how difficult. I don't think he's been quite fair, but at other times he's been wonderful. I shall never forget what he did, anyhow.

They say he's really a woman hater. That's because of the Janet Goodwin affair, I expect. It might account for some of his difficult moments. But he gets on awfully well with Julie. And with other women, too. Why should he always pick on me?

I'm doing what I set out to do I know Peter is pleased—and surprised, too—at my success. And he's given me the wonderful time I wanted. I'm making up for what I never got in life. It's all like a marvelous dream come true. I've loved every minute of it.

Have I? Yes, I have. I'm not a bit disappointed in it. It's every thing I hoped it would be. I believe Peter has some kind of feeling that I ought not to be enjoying myself as I am. But he's never gone without fun in his life. I forgot. He has. That story about him in the World showed that he had. But he really thinks—deep down in him somewhere—that I ought to be dreadfully disillusioned or something.

Night life, he calls it. Quite contemptuously. But I love it. That's the Puritan in him, I suppose. He's annoyed perhaps because I haven't come to look at things as he looks at them. He enjoys it up to a point, but with a kind of detachment that leaves him outside it. That, in a way, must be rather marvelous. But it's more fun to lose yourself completely in something.

Now and again it has been a bit tiresome, but that's just because I'm tremendously keyed up. And I am working hard. I'm glad the revival of Peter's play was a success. I never doubted it, but it was a thrilling first night. I had never been to one until then. Everybody seemed to know everybody else. And everybody was kind to know Peter. Women particularly. He can't be a woman hater. He's perfectly charming to women. Other women, I mean.

I'm puzzled about Julie. All the people I meet are a bit puzzling. They're never quite what they seem to be. Julie seems to be all gaiety and light-heartedness. But I have a feeling that some of it is unnatural. I don't know why it should be. She has everything she could possibly want in life. Money, friends, beauty, success. There must be something that I am missing, or that I've been too long out of touch with the world to be able to see. I don't know what it is. They all seem to have secret troubles of their own. Natural, of course, but you would think that the lovely life they lead would outweigh the other part.

It's absurd, of course, but sometimes I imagine that Julie looks at life a little as Peter does. That she shares his views on this night life as he calls it. One day she said as much to me. "It's not all it's cracked up to be," she said, and then immediately invited me to a party she was giving at a night club.

That wasn't very consistent, but it was very like her. She's afraid of showing her real feelings. I don't know why she should be. I like Julie better than any woman I have met. Even better than "Lucy," and she's a dear. I'd like to show Julie how I care for her. She

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Don't "dose" colds except on your Doctor's Advice

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The House Next Door

By Burton Stevenson

(Continued from Page 17)

was very pleased yesterday when Jenkins told me he was going to get you on this case."

He passed his hand over his head again—how well I remembered that old habit of his!

"It is certainly a peculiar case," he remarked. "What do you make of it?"

"I don't know—but I can't believe that somebody walked into Verity's study and snapped his neck when he wasn't looking. That seems to be Hamilton's theory—but perhaps you have already disproved it."

"No, we haven't proved or disproved anything. We are just feeling around in the dark. Will you tell me all you know about it?"

So I told him in detail the story of the previous afternoon.

"Yes," he said when I had finished, "that is exactly what Miss Verity told me. She seems a nice girl."

"I had never met her until yesterday afternoon, but I am sure she is," I agreed. "Have you had the autopsy?"

"Yes. Verity's neck was broken all right, just as Hamilton thought. Snapped right off."

"Couldn't have come from a fall?" I asked

"The doctors don't seem to think so."

"You were out at the Verity place last night, Miss Perry tells me."

"Yes—and there's a bright girl too," said Simmonds with enthusiasm. "Sharp as a tack, she is."

"Did you turn up anything?"

"Nothing of any importance. Just checked up on Miss Verity's story and looked around a little. Haven't found any evidence of a motive as yet. Perhaps something will come out at the inquest. You will be there?"

"Oh, yes."

"Let us hope for the best," he said, and took his leave in spite of my urging that he stay longer.

I had the feeling that he had been in a hurry to get away because he did not want to give me a chance to ask any more questions.

CHAPTER V.

"Very Great Trouble."

IWAS up early the next morning, caught the eight-forty train for Mount Vernon, and half an hour later was knocking at the door of the Verity house.

Miss Perry answered and led me into the library where I had found Philip Verity's body two days before.

"Miss Verity will be down in a minute," she said. "I ought to warn you that she doesn't think she needs any counsel."

"I hope she won't," I agreed. "But one never knows what may happen at an inquest. It does no harm to be prepared."

"So I told her. But she is an independent sort of girl."

"I'll go carefully," I promised. "You'd better!" Miss Perry laughed.

"When is Verity to be buried?" I asked.

"He isn't to be buried. He is to be cremated tomorrow morning. There is to be no ceremony. It seems he didn't want any. The body will be taken from the mortuary straight to the crematorium. There seemed to be no point in bringing it back here."

I nodded, and my eyes turned to the little carved Buddha on his desk. Perhaps Verity had become a convert to one of the strange religions he had spent so many years studying.

"No incidents of any kind?" I asked.

"No—what kind would there be?"

"I don't know," I said, with a sudden feeling of helplessness. "But if Verity was really murdered, it must have been for some purpose, and one somehow expects something else to happen."

"Ghosts to walk, perhaps!" said Miss Perry, with scorn.

"Or the murderer to come back." I suggested

"I am sorry to disappoint you, Mr. Lester, but everything has been as usual. I have seen neither ghosts nor murderers."

I walked over to the desk and looked down at it. Apparently it had not been touched, and I ran through the pile of manuscript, thinking that perhaps the new will had slipped between two of the leaves. But I saw no sign of it—only page after page of neat copperplate writing.

"Don't tell me that you are going to read it, too," said Miss Perry, and blushed. "And that reminds me—something did happen—a little thing. I was in the kitchen yesterday morning when I heard a noise in here and came in to see what it was. There was a man standing by the desk looking at the manuscript—a Hindu—a very handsome man, rather old. He asked for Miss Verity, and when she came in he spoke to her quite feelingly about her father. He seemed to have known him very well."

"A Hindu? Who was he?"

"I don't know. She didn't introduce me, nor speak of him afterward. But she seemed to know him quite well. I thought it strange that he should come in like that."

She would have said something more, but at this moment Hamilton was seen in the hall and Miss Verity came into the room.

As I went forward to take her hand she seemed to me utterly charming. Her face was pale and a little thinner than when I had first seen her, but this only gave it an added beauty and appeal, and she wore a sober little gown of gray, which I thought not in excellent taste, but most becoming. As she raised her eyes to mine I saw that there were faint shadows under them.

"It was very good of you to come, Mr. Lester," she said, proceeding to the attack at once, "but really was not necessary."

"Perhaps not," I agreed, "but you see I wanted to come. Besides I had to come, anyway, since I am a witness too. I will put her at hand in case of trouble."

"What sort of trouble?"

"I don't know—irrelevant question."

"But I am ready to answer any question." She stopped a moment and looked at me closely. "Do you think I have something to conceal?"

"Certainly not!" I protested.

"But if I have, counsel, it will look as though I had. It will look as though I were afraid of something."

"Not at all!" I said. "And we do not need to say anything about my being your counsel—unless it should become necessary."

"How could it become necessary?"

"Some questions are asked of a witness," I explained, "which have no bearing on the case, which are designed to confuse or discredit him. If today, when you are being examined, any questions are asked which you do not care to answer, simply do not answer. And I will be there to see that no attempt is made to bully you."

"But what questions could they ask?" she persisted.

"I have no idea." I said, a little impatiently. "but I suppose we all have in our lives some things we do not care to have spread out before the public gaze. At least I know that I have."

She looked at me a moment longer and I fancied that her face grew a little paler.

"I understand," she said at last.

"Well, if there are any questions like that, do not answer them. Don't say anything. Just look at me."

"Very well," she promised. "I shall remember."

"Now we ought to be going," I added. "I have a taxi at the door."

"I will run and put on my hat," said Miss Perry, and disappeared through the door.

"Miss Verity," I said rapidly, "there is one thing that might give us a clue to this affair. If we could find it, and that is the draft of the will which your father called me out here Tuesday to write."

"Yes—Mr. Rovee spoke of it," she said, and I caught that old shadow of terror in her eyes. "I know nothing about it."

"It should have been on the desk or in it," I pointed out. "Your father would certainly have had it close at hand."

"We looked all through the desk. It was not there."

"It might have been somewhere else. Had he a place—a safe or box where he kept his papers?"

"No. He always kept them in his desk."

"You are sure it is not there?"

"Oh, yes. We looked very carefully."

"Then the police must have taken it," I said, but without conviction. It seemed to me that she was holding something back.

"Yes—perhaps that is it," she assented.

But I asking leave a man here?"

"Yes, but he left after the police were here last night."

"There has been nobody here all day, then?"

"No."

"Miss Verity," I said, "do you know what was in this will?"

"Some—yes," she stammered, taken by surprise. "A little, that is, in a general way."

"Was it something that might give a clue to the man who murdered your father?"

"No, no, not that! Not that at all!" she protested.

"What was it then?" I demanded. "What is it you are concealing?"

"I—I—no one—a shameful, painful matter for—found," she said. "A shameful, shameful injustice." She came a step closer, her face pale and tear-stained, her eyes imploring. "I am in great trouble, Mr. Lester," she said in a low voice. "Oh, very great trouble!"

There was a step at the door and Miss Verity moved quickly away from me, her finger to her lips. It was Miss Perry. If she had heard Miss Verity's words, she gave no sign.

"I am ready," she said and the three of us went out to the car together.

The ride to the police station was a short one. Miss Perry sat looking out of the window and made no effort to take part in my interrogation of the relations between her and Miss Verity had become less cordial than they were. They did not seem to me to be as friendly as they had been and Miss Perry certainly was much more subdued than she had been the day before.

When I glanced at Miss Verity I saw that she was in deep thought, but I knew that it was not of her father's death she was thinking. That was not the "very great trouble" which oppressed her. It was something much more personal, something that touched her nearer the heart. It was something about the will. What had she said? "It will do someone a shameful injustice if it is found." Who was the "someone?" Evidently not herself. And what was the "shameful injustice?" I have known all too frequently as every lawyer has—of shameful injustice done in wills of cowardly blows struck and old wounds opened. It has always seemed to me a contemptible thing to do—to strike from the grave, when there could be no striking back. Verity perhaps would be capable of it.

The car stopped before the police station and we went at once to the room where the inquest was to be held.

It was a long room, running across one end of the building with wooden benches along the walls, and in the middle two tables, each with six or eight chairs about it. At the end nearest the street was a small table with a chair behind it, and three or four other chairs grouped about. One of these, no doubt, was the witness-stand. The other half of the room was filled with chairs arranged in rows. The benches along the wall were crowded and every chair had its occupant.

An attendant met us just inside the door and inquired if we had been summoned as witnesses. When I said we had been, he led us to one of the tables at the front of the room and indicated three chairs. I looked around and saw that Hamilton was already there, and Coroner Lathrop, another man, evidently the police surgeon. He came over, shook hands with us, said a few words to Miss Verity, and then went back to his place.

The other chairs about the tables were empty, but when I looked at those farther back I recognized some of their occupants. They were reporters from the New York papers. There were some women among them, too, I told myself bitterly, to play up the sensational. Two or three artists were already busy with their sketch-books, turning up, as it were. In one corner a battery of cameras was ready to go into action.

I stared at all this in amazement and dismay. I felt in some obscure way that I had been betrayed. Evidently overnight the Verity case had become a cause célèbre. And I could not understand it. I had looked through the morning papers on the train and none of them had given more than a few lines to the affair. Most of them had not mentioned it at all. I had hoped that, in the rush of other news, it would not be thought worthwhile to send any reporters to the inquest. And now here was this array. It was certainly disconcerting.

As I ran my eyes from face to face, they fell upon one more than ordinarily familiar. It was Godfrey, of the Record, whose field had always been that of the police, and whose superiority there was acknowledged even by his rivals. I caught my breath when I saw him, for I knew that he was never wasted on small affairs. Only for one of the first importance would he have got out of bed at eight o'clock in the morning. In the old days I had known him well, but I had not seen him for a long time, and I hastened over to him.

"Godfrey!" I said, as I wrung his hand.

"It is good to see you, Lester—and looking so young and handsome!"

"But what are you doing out here?"

"I am covering this case," he answered with a smile.

He had risen and we had drawn a little to one side.

"Of course—but I don't understand all this," and I nodded toward the serried ranks of the other reporters. "Why all this excitement? Why should the Record think it worth while to send you out? You had only ten lines about it this morning."

"I know—but that was just a blind. I was hoping to throw the other fellows off the scent. I am just as sore as you are."

He was smiling in a way that caught my attention—and suddenly I understood.

"It was you who were with Simmonds at the Verity place night before last," I said.

"Yes—he suggested that I go along."

I remembered the old partnership between the two. Godfrey got the story and Simmonds got the glory, as Godfrey had paraded it once upon a time, and they had always found it mutually profitable.

"But that doesn't explain all these others," I pointed out.

"No. Chapin tells me they had a tip."

"A tip?"

"Yes—that something sensational was going to happen."

I stared at him.

"But who—. . ."

"Chapin says he doesn't know. But I wouldn't put it past Bernstein."

I was more and more uneasy. A sensation—what sort of sensation?"

"Beg pardon, sir," said a voice behind me. As I turned, I saw it was the court attendant, and realized that we were blocking the way. Behind him were Carnevali and two women, whom he was ushering to seats.

Carnevali recognized me as he passed and stopped abruptly.

"Good morning, Mr. Lester," he said, with what seemed to me a somewhat overdone cordiality. "So they routed you out of bed, too, did they? Lucia," he went on, turning to the woman nearest him, "this is Mr. Lester. You remember I spoke of meeting him. Madame Carnevali," he added to me.

"I am pleased to meet Mr. Lester," said Madame Carnevali, with a gracious little inclination of the head, and I found myself face to face with the most stunning woman I have ever seen.

Stunning is the exact word for it, and I shall never forget that confused and yet clear-cut first impression. It was of a vivid brunette, with lustrous eyes and hair and line and skin. But she had more than beauty. She moved in an aura of charm, allure, seduction, passion. There was something about her at once exotic and highly-civilized, naive and thoroughly sophisticated, challenging and demure. It seemed to me that she would be equally at home on the quarter-deck of a pirate ship or the dais of a court. I had a feeling that I should raise her hand to my lips. Instead of which—as I blush even to this day to remember—I merely made some inane noises in my throat.

Madame Carnevali was perhaps accustomed to seeing men make fools of themselves. At any rate she showed no surprise nor amusement, but gave me a smile and passed on. The woman who followed her was evidently her maid—a rather sour-looking woman of middle age, who looked startlingly like a duenna. The attendant led the three of them to the table where Hamilton was sitting and gave them chairs. Hamilton got up, bowed to Madame Carnevali and nodded curtly to her husband, but did not attempt to speak to them.

I turned back to Godfrey, but at that moment a little procession appeared at the door, and Bernstein came in, followed by Simmonds, a stenographer and two clerks. Their appearance was the signal for the cameras to get into action, and I saw that Bernstein took care to be full-face, and a very important and self-satisfied full-face. Undoubtedly it was he who had tipped off the papers. And now, I thought grimly, he was going to spring a sensation!

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Dorothy Mackaill

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* * * * * *

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Secrets of the Surete, the French Detective Police

(Continued from Double Page)

death and I determined to take the shock full on—but I was afraid the steering wheel would crush me, so I slipped my body sideways, still holding on to it, of course.

"All this takes a long time to tell. In reality it was a matter of three or four seconds. There was that fearsome car, coming straight at me—and then—everything became blurred and indistinct, and as I braced myself for the crash, the awful thing dissolved like a dream! I went right through that car as though it were just smoke. I know I screamed with terror; there was a bumping slide, a nasty pain in my shoulder—and the next thing I remember the doctor was bending over me and injecting something into my arm. That's the whole story, Monsieur Bertillon. I understand now why poor Marcel, who was such a fine driver, put his brakes hard down and skidded. He saw the ghost car also. I suppose you think I'm mad?"

"I'll not venture an opinion yet, mademoiselle! You are still shaken and in pain. Stay quietly in bed, and I'll promise to examine the problem and let you know the result."

Despite the girl's wry face, Bertillon rang the bell for the attendant and made his way to Dr. Deroulede's office.

"It was the Versailles ambulance brought Miss Lefevre, by Captain Delvoye's orders," the surgeon said, in reply to my chief's question. "She has many bruises and is suffering from severe shock, poor thing."

"Is her mind clear, do you think?"

"Certainly, certainly. Beyond an inevitable rise in temperature she is normal."

Several times during the journey to headquarters Bertillon muttered angrily: "The most devilish thing in all my experience, unless the girl imagined it all. Yet she is not the highly strung, hysterical kind. Is it possible that we are all wrong and that some natural phenomenon of lights and shadows produces a delusion at that curve and nowhere else? She was driving with open exhaust and the drone of the engine she heard might have been an echo. Funny thing, though, about the headlights. I don't see how one of those queer hallucinations driving at night often produces could also cause her to see strong headlights."

"It is queer, too," I concurred, "that she saw the car despite the lights. Generally one sees nothing behind oncoming lamps. Did you notice, monsieur, that she described them as very low down?"

My words obviously startled Bertillon, but he made no answer. The remainder of the day he spent in rummaging among old dossiers and consulting with our various experts. Then for two consecutive days Bertillon vanished and when I was finally summoned to his office I found him unusually grim.

"I have sent a notice to the principal papers," he began without preamble; "giving it as my opinion, after careful consideration, that Mademoiselle Lefevre's motoring accident was undoubtedly caused by the state of the road, and that it is just a coincidence so many accidents have occurred near the same spot. Officially the Surete has dropped the inquiry, but I have suggested that the slope of the fatal curve should be rectified as soon as possible. I thought I'd better let you know."

"You have definite proof then that those accidents are the result of criminal intervention?" I asked, knowing well that this publicity was intended to mislead the malefactors.

"Definite proof, which would convince a magistrate, no!" he replied gloomily. "But I know it is so, although how it is done still puzzles me."

"And the ghost car?" I queried eagerly.

My chief remained lost in thought a moment, then rousing himself said haltingly: "That is what we must find out. It was the girl's remark about the headlights gave me a tangible clue, that and your description of the farmer and his wife. Karl Bader is Wo Sung Fee, an American Chinese. He and the Indian woman were implicated years ago in a series of gruesome crimes in California, but escaped for lack of evidence. I've been prowling about the Orly district myself. Those two holes in the white boarding, with the complex machinery of rods and pulleys, are part of the illusion of an oncoming car, which is produced in some fashion by lamps connected with the terminals, which run along the rods. As you observe, one would probably see nothing behind these lamps, but a driver would, from force of habit, fill in the blank with a purely subjective picture of a car rushing towards him, the more so since the lights moved forward. Nearly always, therefore, he would swerve and put on the brakes. I am convinced also that Wo Sung and his accomplices secretly altered the slope of the curve, making doubly sure."

"But why don't they simply throw a log or some such obstruction across the road? It would be a more certain and much simpler method."

"Simpler but infinitely more dangerous. A crash caused by a solid obstruction leaves definite traces. Moreover, if the occupants of the car were not killed they would know that they had smashed into a log or some such thing. An intangible illusion cannot be traced, since nine times out of ten people would suppose the story of a ghost car, such as Mademoiselle Lefevre imagined she saw, to be the result of shock. These scoundrels are infernally clever. I do not see even now how we can obtain evidence fit for a judge, unless, as usual, they become confident and continue their fiendish tricks."

"Hence the newspaper reports?" I suggested.

"Of course. We may take it that some time will elapse before they try again. Dr. Faubert conceived the scheme. He is a madman—a sadistic, homicidal maniac. With him are this Chinese and his redskin wife and the creole woman who wrote those letters to poor Marcel Jeannot. She is Madame Faubert really; beneath his cold demeanor the husband is a seething furnace of jealousy and poor Marcel Jeannot openly made love to the creole. I fancy that when he had made sure Jeannot had been killed Dr. Faubert called on me in order to discover whether our suspicions had been aroused.

"Robbery is merely the ostensible motive for these crimes, or shall I say—by allowing his men to rob the victims, he is able to control them. But Faubert himself cares nothing for money or jewels. The desire to kill and maim, and some even more ghastly monomania, which I have not fathomed, rule him. Your talent for disguise will help us here. You must become the decoy. I don't like the method, but we have no choice. This bogus Albanian prince is their accomplice. I have discovered that he bought his country house at Rambouillet soon after Wo Sung, alias Bader, began his activities at the farm.

"Draw on the Surete's funds. I suggest you become a rich South American for a time; that will make a show of diamonds and other precious stones seem natural. Durand will supply you with paste gems and you can take some bundles of Marovitch's excellent counterfeit notes to fill your wallet—be careful not to spend them by mistake. Rousseau will drive you in the Mercedes, which is new and makes a show. If my theory is right, you will probably receive an invitation to one of Prince Dumicilo's parties at Rambouillet. Such an invitation has been the equivalent to sentence of death for many. This time let us hope we shall catch the scoundrels red handed. If the scheme fails we must try something else."

So for a time I laid aside my duties and sought the nauseous pleasures of Montmartre and Montparnasse; attended the races and showed myself, flashily dressed, at several fashionable events. The ease with which a fictitious personality can be created at trifling cost startled me. A few letters of introduction, a handsome car and a few noisy dinners sufficed. The time passed wearily enough, but I perceived I was attracting attention and noted the burning glances of the dashing woman who styled herself Giselle de Launay, but whom we knew to be in reality Mme. Faubert; and ever in her wake, an unobtrusive, silent worshiper, was her husband. More than once I saw his queer hypnotic gaze fixed on me, when dashing Giselle acknowledged my greeting with dazzling smiles. At last, when I had already begun to fear our scheme had failed, an introduction to this prince of doubtful origin was brought about by Giselle herself, and the desired invitation followed as a matter of course. There was to be a large party, I was informed, and the usual reckless gambling.

"Better come Friday evening," the prince lisped pleasantly. "The Russian dancers from the Folies Bergere have promised to join us after the performance. If you'll meet me at Larue, we'll drive out together. My car will be crowded, so I may have to put one or two of the 'artistes' in yours. Should I not arrive by midnight don't wait, it is quite possible that I shall have to pick up some of our friends. If you don't see me, take the Orly road from Versailles."

Bertillon listened to my report with frowning face.

"They make it so very obvious that I'm almost afraid they've seen through our plan and are laughing at us. However, we must risk that. I'll be ready with Captain Delvoye and his men to raid the farm. Rousseau knows what to do. When he sees the 'wrecking lights' he'll run right over the bank and let the car smash. He's fixed the accelerator on the old Delage so that she'll gather speed the moment you've jumped clear.

"You must then contrive to get to the wreckage before they do and lie down as though badly hurt and unconscious. It's the only way to obtain the evidence we need. These creatures are so cunning and elusive, I fear that even if we are successful in catching them trying to rob you no jury d'instruction will believe our story."

I did not trouble to go to the Folies Bergere, knowing well it was intended I should drive out by myself, and shortly after midnight we bumped over the cobbled streets of sleepy Versailles and entered on the long curving highway to Orly. I confess my heart began to beat quickly as we neared the sinister farm. Rousseau kept the car flying along at a good speed in case spies were watching, although neither of us knew quite what to expect. I had leant out, searching in vain for the mysterious hoarding which by then should have been plainly visible, when I heard him abruptly give voice to a hoarse cry.

At the same instant the low menacing drone of a racing engine reached me and I clutched at my friend in sheer terror and amazement at the fearsome thing which had suddenly materialized. There, thundering straight at us, intent on our annihilation, was a gigantic car. Despite the gleaming lamps on either side I distinctly saw its formidable bulk and the glittering metal work. It seemed the incarnation of speed and destruction, and hunched low over the wheel, just as the girl had described it, was a rigid shape with white, featureless face.

The terror of the apparition was overwhelming; few drivers could have withstood the instinctive desire to swerve out of its path, and, forgetful of all but that hurtling death, Rousseau twisted his steering wheel in a vain attempt to avoid the collision. I heard the screech of the brakes, and then to my horror we slithered and crashed right through the ghastly thing, tearing great lumps from the grassy top of the bank. My brain reeled at the sickening, uncanny experience, for instead of the jarring smash I had expected, the oncoming monster had vanished instantly, "like smoke." Fortunately my presence of mind returned as we struck the ditch; at that moment I realized, I believe, in a flash of understanding, how we had been tricked, and leapt clear, propelled from behind, as the car collapsed and turned on its side.

Rousseau had rolled several feet away, apparently stunned, and I had the good sense to lie still also and feign unconsciousness. Ten minutes passed, perhaps, then came a hoarse murmur of conversation, and through half closed eyes I saw several furtive shapes creeping through the grass.

"Here they are," a melodious woman's voice exclaimed, followed by a remark I did not catch in the sibilant utterance of the Chinese known as Karl Bader, and the light of a flashlamp flickered over my face.

"Both killed—that's good," he murmured. "We shan't want the wires."

"Better make sure," another voice broke in, and to my horror I recognized Dr. Faubert. "Let them have the current from number two dynamo for ten minutes. Low tension leaves no trace but stops the heart once and for all," and he purred like a great cat.

Wo Sung grumbled under his breath; then there came the unpleasant slither and swish of heavy insulated wires being dragged through the wet grass.

"You connect them up, Giselle," the doctor's oily voice commanded; "and when I flash my light let them have it."

"Do it yourself," the woman retorted, "or better still, let Wo Sung do it. I'm sick of being your cat's-paw. You love to see men die, but you want none of the risk. And what about the jewelry? I'm going to have my share this time."

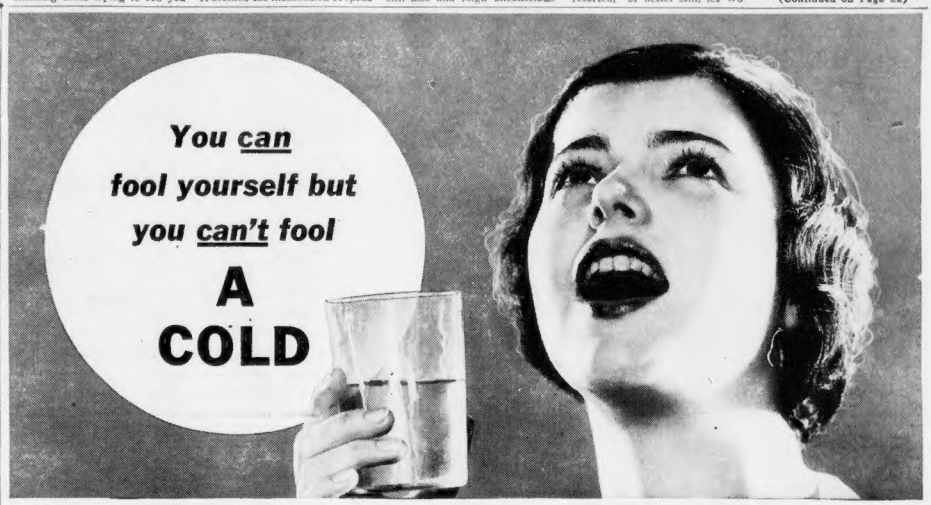
The convulsive beating of my heart almost choked me as a wire was twisted round my ankle. This was too much; since Bertillon did not come I would fight for my life; at any moment I might be electrocuted. With a jerk I sat up, pistol in hand, but before I could speak, a shrill cry burst from the Indian woman; magnesium flares had abruptly illumined the ghoulish scene and Bertillon's voice, harsh with emotion, cried:

"Up with your hands, every one. Chain them together, Delvoye. They're a filthy lot, you needn't trouble to be gentle."

I staggered to my feet and gazed about me. A dozen gendarmes had leaped at the wildly struggling men and women, and a few seconds later the welcome click of the handcuffs sounded, and Bertillon, who had given his brandy flask to Rousseau, came quickly to my side.

"What happened, bon Dieu?"

(Continued on Page 22)



Millions gargle uselessly while colds hang on

3 out of 4 gargle uselessly while sore throats get worse and colds hang on

Don't waste dollars on antiseptics that must be used full strength. We've discovered a new antiseptic that, even when diluted with two parts of water, kills germs in 10 *seconds*

A NATION of garglers! Lusty garglers. Gambling—75% of them—with mouth antiseptics that can't kill germs when mixed with water. You may fool yourself that way. But always remember—you can't fool a *cold*. You can't fool *sore throat*. You can't fool *bad breath*. If you dilute your antiseptic—as 3 out of 4 do—you must choose one that still kills germs when diluted with water.

A radical new discovery

Modern research laboratories have thrown away the old ideas on killing germs.

Now there's a revolutionary antiseptic on the market—Pepsodent Antiseptic. Its formula is a radical advance. It climaxes the best antiseptic study of 50 years. A germ-killing agent is employed unlike those now in use. It makes Pepsodent Antiseptic from 3 to 11 times more powerful in killing germs than other leading mouth antiseptics, depending on which one you use.

Kills germs in 10 *seconds diluted*

That is the startling news in this new discovery. Think! You can mix Pepsodent Antiseptic with one or even two parts of water, to suit your taste, and it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds. That's where most other leading mouth antiseptics fail. Yet in spite of all that power, Pepsodent Antiseptic is utterly safe when used full strength. What a weapon this new antiseptic is in fighting colds.

BAD BREATH
(Halitosis*)
Pepsodent Antiseptic does double duty when combating colds and throat irritations. For at the same time it checks bad breath. *Remember P. A. is 3 to 11 times more powerful in killing germs than other leading mouth antiseptics . . . and it kills germs when diluted.*

New security against bad breath

And please remember when you use Pepsodent Antiseptic for colds you are doing double duty by also fighting bad breath. For Pepsodent Antiseptic checks bad breath 1 to 2 hours longer.* That's Pepsodent Antiseptic's record in fighting this widespread social offense due to unhygienic mouth conditions. Immediately after use — 95% of germs on mouth surfaces are destroyed. Two hours later the number of germs remains reduced by 75%. That is far longer acting than other leading mouth antiseptics.

$3 worth for $1

To kill germs—most mouth antiseptics must be used full strength. So to mix them with water is a waste of money.

Pepsodent Antiseptic can be mixed with twice its own volume of water. That means every $1 bottle does what 3 bottles of other mouth antiseptics do. Goes 3 times as far—you get $3 worth for $1 . . . a saving of $2.

Combating colds and checking bad breath are only two uses for this remarkable antiseptic. There are scores of other uses. Some are listed on this page. Learn to rely on Pepsodent Antiseptic whenever a safe, effective germ-killing agent is required. Keep it in the home. Take it with you traveling.

Again we say: Quit being good to germs. They've laughed at you long enough. Play safe. Buy an antiseptic that really kills germs when diluted. Remember: You can fool yourself but you can't fool a cold.

Some of the 50 different uses for this modern Antiseptic

Cold in Head	**Minor Cuts**
Throat Irritations	Blisters
Voice Hoarseness	Poison Ivy
Bad Breath	Chigger Bites
Cold Sores	Poison Oak
Canker Sores	**Loose Dandruff**
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New Standard Dictionary Definition: ***Halitosis*** — a malodorous condition of the breath.

Pepsodent Antiseptic

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Griddles and Skillets Come Back in November

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

SKILLETS and Griddles! That sounds like the first call of Winter, because these two types of household wares come into their own with the season of chill winds and numbing snow.

It's time, then, to look over what Grandmother called her "Iron kettle," or her "Dutch Oven," and all these types of heavier cooking utensils which our forefathers knew. For this is a Winter when many old-fashioned things are coming back—dining at home, simpler and more economical foods, and even ways of food preparation not practised in years.

First let's gaze at the griddle—a native utility indeed, for in few other countries does the "stack of wheats" meet with such popular and widespread response.

There's a regular handled griddle, a hailed griddle with a handle like a water pail, a long griddle, an oval, and a skillet-griddle. But they all have this in common—they are made of iron hollow ware which holds the heat as no other metal does. And experts seem to agree that the best griddle should not have a polished surface, and that it should never, never be washed! What, never? Well, hardly ever! Because right greasing and scraping off the batter at once does away with any need of putting iron things into water.

If the family is devoted to this type of hot cakes, then by all means dedicate a special griddle to their use. But if it is only occasionally that these hot delicacies are wanted, then look up the combination skillet-griddle, a hybrid pan with some of the best points of both. The edges of this pan turn up, and not down as in the regular griddle, and it is this upturned edge which makes it equally desirable for frying fish or potato cakes, for hash and all the other simple foods which need high, hot, retained heat to make the foods they cook all golden brown and with a crisp crackling outside. In short, it is a shallow skillet of a hundred uses.

And now for the regular skillet —what many persons call mistakenly a frying pan. Not so—the regular skillet, which has almost become the national utensil, is only 3 inches deep at the most, and usually not more than half of that. On the other hand, the true frying pan is deep—deep enough for all deep-fat frying, its sides measuring a good 6 to 8 inches. If you're buying a new one be sure that it has an iron handle, integral with the pan itself, as those types of handle which are rubbereid on a screw running through them are unfortunately likely to twist suddenly just as you are carrying the full pan across the room, and, presto, the whole pan may twist.

Then there's the Scotch Bowl. How many kitchens boast one? Yet this is one of the most serviceable of all heavy hollow ware. The bowl is a pleasing deep round, fitted with a bail handle and a ring to make lifting easier. And it will cook a pot roast as no other utensil, or steam cabbage, or fry fish, or do a dozen tricks every day in the week. Its smooth sides are most easy to wash—easier by far than the usual sided pot.

If you put a tight-fitting lid onto a Scotch Bowl it will become a Dutch Oven. This surprising change of nationality and type of utensil is explained easily —if you can keep all the moisture in the pot and all the heat in the food in that pot, you practically have an oven by whatever name you call it.

The distinctive value of the Dutch Oven made from iron hollow ware is that its sturdy material will not scorch, will not lose heat rapidly, and that meats cooked in it will be more moist and juicy than if cooked under dry oven heat. The lid of the Dutch Oven deserves special mention, because it is owing to its construction that the food juices percolate back onto the food. Pick up the lid and you see that it is made in concentric circles or ridges all the way from the center to the outer rim.

Now what happens? As the meat or food cooks, naturally steam arises. This steam is caught along the ridges or grooves in the lid and falls in drops of flavorful steam back onto the food once more. And as the cooking continues, this constant rising and dropping or basting of the food in its own juices continues. In short, the reason why Grandmother was so attached to her old Dutch Oven was because it did its own basting!

You can make something like a Dutch Oven out of any heavy iron hollow ware skillet by using a self-basting lid, and turning the flame very low after the food has once been well browned. Try it for Chicken a la Maryland, or Russian Cabbage Balls, if your purse is a little flattened. In using all iron ware, get it hot first, while well covered with grease. Then lay the food into this greased, hot pan, and turn it over and over until it is all well browned and seared on the outside, to keep juices in. Then reduce the flame to low and let it simmer as long as you wish. This is the one universal way to make any palatable stew, or casserole, fricassee, or whatever you may call it.

And now for good heavy iron-ware in other kitchen items. This is going to be a bread year, too, for any practical person can see that breads of all kinds are the most inexpensive fill-up foods. Too long have we regarded floury foods with disdain, and concentrated on thin chips of bought bakery bread at every meal.

This is the Winter when the popover, the corn pone, the bun, the bran muffin, the scone will come back again into their own. Why, anyone can whisk up a batch of hot breads in less than ten minutes! And see how they add variety to the meal, and taste and nourishment and the scrunchy brown toothsomeness which is their peculiar charm.

Do you know, Mrs. Homemaker, that there are dozens of different types of hot bread pans which you, perhaps, never saw or used? I'll make a list for you to see:

Gem Pans—Flat and round bottomed.

Gem Pans—With "golf-ball" shapes.

Gem Pans—With oblong, flat, circular and other shapes.

Popover Pans—Deeper than the above.

Heart-shaped pans for any quick bread.

Turk's Head Pans—With fluted sides.

Muffin Pans—Oblong and narrow.

Wheat Stick Pans—Showing the entire "ear" in its shape.

Roll Pans—Oval baskets for any bun to rest in.

English Muffin Rings—For those toasted delights.

But I must stop before I sound too much like a catalog. My only feeling is that we don't know our pans, we women! And all too often the family says it doesn't like this or that, because they see it served in the same old shape. I have known children to refuse to eat one day what they begged for the next, simply because it was served in a novel shape.

Then there's the clever new and small skillets with colored handles and colored lids—who has seen them? They enhance the appearance of any range, and are a delight to use. Think of a small skillet with a jolly red "hat" of a knob—and even hash will seem more aesthetic!

I don't know what brought the idea to my head, but I suddenly caught myself saying: "As right as a trivet." Now, for long years I did not know what a trivet was —but then I learned. It is the perforated rack or iron plate which rests in the bottom of Grandmother's roasting pan, or in the bottom of her Dutch Oven. And it is extremely useful because it lifts the meat or food up above the heat level, and lets it cook by a kind of radiated heat. Also, if the meat is greasy, such as a pork piece, this elevation on a trivet allows the grease to drain under the meat, and not be cooked into it again. So let's see if we have a trivet in the house, with which to lessen scorching and to make foods more savory.

November seems to say "iron" in housewares, at least more kitchens could benefit by the addition of several new pieces of this practical cooking material. And don't forget variety in breads, shapes and molds to make hot batters and dough more interesting. Surprise the family with the same recipe cooked in a new pan.

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DOCTORS—including heads of world-famous clinics—recommend eating fresh yeast daily.
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THE GRANULATED SOAP

Rinso

for whiter washes

Millions use it in tub, washer and dishpan

Secrets of the Surete, the French Detective Police

(Continued from Page 21)

he asked. "Did Rousseau lose his head? I expected you both to be killed, the way you came crashing over the bank."

"Then you didn't see the ghost car?" I gasped, and shaking still at the memory, I quickly related the terrible and apparently supernatural encounter.

"By jove, that's worthy of our friend Faubert," Bertillon cried. "Now I understand the meaning of that white hoarding. It serves as a screen for the picture, and the illusion is only visible as you get near that fatal curve. The noise of an engine is produced by a mechanism at the back. I all heard it. But the climax is the idea of placing lights, real lights, which run forward on those mysterious rods, just where they fit into the picture. No wonder you could see the outline of the car and its driver despite the lamps. His projecting apparatus moves on a swivel of course, producing the illusion of an impending collision to anyone approaching because the picture sweeps at terrific speed across the road; a really novel idea.

"The horrible part of the scheme, as though that were not enough, is that these beasts make quite sure their victims shall not revive by sending a special electrical current through them, which paralyzes the heart's action, but leaves no trace. That explains why every accident on this haunted road has been fatal. Well, we have the evidence we need, at any rate. Let us search the house and have a look at this phantom car apparatus, then Delvoye can take them to headquarters."

"I wonder why it was the girl escaped alive?" I hazarded. "Since we know now that after robbing their victims they electrocuted them."

"I can guess," Rousseau interposed. "Faubert discovered that the girl had been to see us. He thought that her wild tale of a ghost car would cause us to drop the case. Better put our prisoners in front, monsieur; remember the dogs."

But these formidable guardians had been locked in an outhouse, and we were able to enter the farm without trouble. In a garret, of which the circular window overlooked the road, we discovered the mad doctor's apparatus, an ingenious projector on rails and swivel support. The picture that produced the terrifying illusion was that of a large racing car, photographed from a position level with the wheel, and I understood at least why the phantom driver's face had appeared so ghastly; it had been rendered transparent by means of a chemical. Mustering our band of murderers, we were about to leave, when Dr. Faubert, who was heavily manacled, turned to Bertillon and said:

"My engines are still running, they may cause a blaze if unattended. Will you cut off the current, monsieur? The switchboard is in that room."

For once Bertillon was off his guard. With a curt nod, gripping the prisoner's arm, he walked to a wall covered with complex instruments. As he turned in mute interrogation, Dr. Faubert thrust his hands toward a glass-mounted terminal. At the same instant, with a quick twist, Rousseau jerked our chief back, clenching his hold on the prisoner's arm just as a vicious spark crackled between the steel handcuffs. Bertillon picked himself up with a rueful grin, which changed to a gasp of horror when he caught sight of the livid, twisted face of Dr. Faubert as he hung suspended by the wrists, while a continuous stream of miniature lightning spat and drummed on the stone floor.

"Thanks, Rousseau—he nearly took me along. What a fool I've been. See if you can find the switch. He at least has cheated the guillotine. Perhaps some of you would prefer that way also?" he added savagely, turning toward the remainder of the band, who cowered by the door, horrified at their leader's terrible end.

At the trial, however, one and all seized the opportunity, since he was dead, to accuse Dr. Faubert of having compelled them by threats to help him. But, although they escaped capital punishment, their callous crimes caused the jury to inflict what was probably a worse fate—the penal settlements at Cayenne for life.

Prince Damiello, an Alsatian, whose true name was Frantz Kaufman, was the only one who got off scot free. The evidence against him was too flimsy for the jury, although we knew that, without a doubt, he had invited the many victims to his notorious orgies at the doctor's orders, in order to compel them to drive over the Orly Highway at night.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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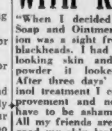

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Some Favorite Western Recipes

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

California Potatoes.

SEASON 3 cups hot riced potatoes with 3 tablespoons butter, ½ cup cream and salt to taste. Beat well for 5 minutes, add ½ can pimientos, pressed through a sieve or potato ricer, and beat until thoroughly blended. Reheat over hot water and serve immediately on hot vegetable dish.

Roquefort Cheese Sandwiches.

TOAST thin slices of bread on one side. Spread the other side with cream cheese blended with 1 tablespoon butter, a few drops Worcestershire sauce and 1 or 2 tablespoons of Roquefort cheese. Sprinkle generously with paprika. Place in broiler to melt the cheese and allow it to brown slightly. Serve hot with any green salad.

Dressing for Fruit Salad.

MIX ¾ teaspoon mustard, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon paprika and 2 egg yolks and beat well. Add ¼ cup butter and ¾ cup lemon juice or vinegar and cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until smooth and creamy. Remove from heat and add 1 stiffly beaten egg white. Return to heat and stir until egg white is set. Chill and fold in ½ cup cream, beaten until stiff.

Green Salad Variations.

MAYONNAISE or French salad dressing for green salads may be varied by the addition of a little grated horseradish, sifted pimiento, minced green pepper, dates, minced chives, minced olives, sliced beets, minced hazelnuts, pecans, walnuts, hickory nuts, blanched pistachio nuts, prunes, sifted hard cooked eggs, crumpled Roquefort or cream cheese, whipped cream, chili sauce, Worcestershire sauce, walnut catsup, etc.

Chicken a la King.

COOK 1½ cups mushroom caps for 5 minutes in 5 tablespoons butter or cooking oil, and then add to 2 cups diced or sliced cold cooked chicken, 3 tablespoons minced green peppers (1 tablespoon capers if you are sure your family likes them), and 1 teaspoon salt and a few grains pepper. Melt 2 tablespoons butter add 2½ tablespoons flour and blend well. Add 3 cups thin cream and stir constantly until smooth and creamy. Dilute 2 slightly beaten egg yolks with a little of the hot mixture and then stir into the hot milk mixture. Stir until egg is set. Add the chicken mixture, heat over hot water and serve on rounds of toast, in timbale cases or patty shells.

Western Stew With Dumplings.

MELT 2 tablespoons fat in large iron kettle. Add 3 pounds diced chuck beef and cook until well browned on all sides. Add meat bones, 1 sliced onion, ½ cup sliced celery, a sprig of parsley, a sprig of thyme and 1 leek, 3 cloves, 1 onion, 1 bayleaf, 3 or 4 peppercorns, 4 allspice berries, 1 tablespoon salt, a few grains pepper, 3 tablespoons tomato catsup, 1 teaspoon kitchen bouquet and 1½ quarts boiling water. Cover closely and simmer gently about 1½ hours. Add 5 or 6 diced turnips and 6 sliced carrots and continue simmering gently 1½ hours or until meat and vegetables are tender. When done remove the bones. If desired, all the spices may be tied in a little cheesecloth bag so that they may be removed before serving the stew. For every cup of water used in the stewmix in 1 tablespoon flour blended with 1 tablespoon cold water. Stir until the stew boils. Simmer 5 minutes and add dumplings. Cover closely and cook 12 minutes.

Dumplings.

MIX and sift 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder and 1 teaspoon salt. Work in 4 tablespoons shortening with tips of fingers or two forks. Add ¾ cup milk and mix well. Drop by spoonfuls from the tip of spoon into the boiling stew. The dumplings may be varied by adding a little paprika to the dough or sprinkling with mixed parsley, if the parsley flavor is agreeable to the family. Cover closely and cook for 12 minutes. The stew should boil the entire time and cover should not be removed until the dumplings are thoroughly cooked.

Loganberry Pudding.

COOK 1 quart loganberries, 1½ cups sugar and ½ cup water until thick. Cool and strain. Spread slices of stale bread with butter. Arrange alternate layers of bread and berries in a buttered baking dish, packing down each layer. Cover with a heavy plate. Chill for several hours. Turn out on chilled serving dish. Serve with plain or whipped cream.

Loganberry Blanc Mange.

SCALD 1½ pints loganberry juice in top of double boiler. Add about 4 tablespoons sugar. Blend ¼ cup cornstarch with ¼ cup cold water and stir into the hot juice. Stir constantly until mixture thickens. Cover. Let cook over hot water about 15 minutes. Add a few drops lemon juice. Cool and pour into glass sherbet cups. Chill and serve with cream and sugar.

Los Angeles Fruit Pudding.

CREAM ¼ cup butter, add ⅔ cup sugar gradually, and 1 well beaten egg. Mix and sift 2¼ cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder and 1 teaspoon salt. Add alternately with 1 cup milk to the first mixture. Turn into a buttered Turk's head pan. Bake in a moderate oven. When ready to serve put on a large platter, fill center with sweetened stewed or fresh fruit using juice thickened with a little cornstarch for sauce. Serve with or without cream.

Stuffed Smoked Beef Tongue.

WASH a smoked tongue carefully, put in large kettle and cover with cold water, bring slowly to boiling point, cover and cook gently until tender and cool in the water in which it has been cooked. Cut off root and then thick slice. Cut out center, leaving a wall about ½-inch thick. Fill with following stuffing, replace thick slice and fasten with small skewers. Tie in cheesecloth and steam about 1 hour. Remove cheesecloth, take off skin, brush over with well seasoned aspic jelly, chill, cut in crosswise slices and garnish with crisp sprigs of parsley and lemon cut in fanciful shapes.

Stuffing.

FINELY chop the raw breast of 1 large chicken and then pound it in a mortar. Add gradually, while pounding 2 egg whites. Add gradually while still pounding, 1 cup thick cream. Pound in ¼ cup finely ground tongue. Season to taste with salt, pepper and paprika.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Fruit, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Muffins, Coffee.	Prunes, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Graham Toast, Coffee.	Sliced Bananas, Cereal, Marmalade, Toast, Coffee.	Stewed Apricots, Bacon and Corn Omelet, Coffee.	Orange Juice, Creamed Smoked Salmon, Golden Corn Muffin, Coffee.	Fruit, Soft Cooked Eggs, Graham Muffins, Coffee.	Stewed Fruit, Cereal, French Pancakes, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Vegetable Chowder, Fruit Trifle, Tea.	Italian Spaghetti, Fruit Salad, Rolls, Tea.	Clam Chowder, Crackers, Jellied Pineapple Salad (Juice from Monday's Pineapple).	Cheese Fondue or Baked Macaroni, Green Salad (Left-Overs).	Buttered Spinach, Hashed Browned Potatoes, Toasted Corn Muffin, Date Custard Tea.	Broiled Sausage Cakes, Candied Sweet Potatoes or Noodles, Buttered Cabbage, Graham Tea Biscuits, Fruit Trifle.	Roast Beef, Brown Gravy, Baked Potatoes, Buttered String Beans, Waldorf Salad, Coffee Souffle.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Baked Ham with Glazed Pineapple Slices or Horseradish Sauce, Buttered Spinach, Mashed Potatoes, Heart Lettuce Salad, California Dressing, Los Angeles Fruit Pudding.	Casserole of Left-Over Ham and Potatoes, Baked String Beans, Sliced Tomatoes or Tomato Jelly Salad, Loganberry Blanc Mange.	Sweet Potatoes and Green Vegetables, Shredded Lettuce Salad, Savory Dressing, Apple Meringue Pie.	Broiled Swiss Chard with Sieed Eggs, Glazed Carrots, Maple Tapioca Sponge with Whipped Cream.	Broiled Cod Fillet, Asparagus Hollandaise, Parsley Potatoes, Jellied Relish, Loganberry Pudding.	Irish Stew with Paprika Dumplings, Tomato Relish, Peach Delight.	Emergency Sandwiches (Left-Overs), Pineapple Trifle, Chocolate Cup Cakes.

American Weekly Patterns

A POPULAR STYLE FOR SCHOOL OR HOME (7361). Designed in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 will require 3⅛ yards of 32-inch material if made with short sleeves and without contrast. With long sleeves, 3⅝ yards are required. Contrasting material will require ⅝ yard.

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